The Outlook

AUGUST 21, 1918

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DAYS OF VICTORY

A full-page map in this issue shows the ground over which the Germans have been pushed back since the middle of July. From Ypres to Rheims the Germans, who were so recently attacking almost at will and threatening a disaster to the Allied cause, are now themselves on the defensive and threatened. Following closely upon the defeat begun at Château Thierry, recorded on the map by the wiping out of the Marne salient, has come another defeat to the Germans administered in the region of the Somme and the Oise.

As we said last week, the power of Foch's offensive showed no reduction, but rather signs of renewal, as indicated by the German withdrawals in the neighborhood of Armentières, Albert, and Montdidier. Of course the Germans did not know just where Foch would strike next. As a matter of fact, he struck between Albert and Montdidier. This is practically at the apex of the great salient which the Germans created in March. By driving in a wedge at the point of the salient Foch began to split it up the middle. This at once endangered the German flanks. So long as a salient is wide in proportion to its depth, so long is it comparatively safe, but when it is narrow and deep artillery can attack from the sides. When this new offensive began between Montdidier and Albert, the broad German salient was divided by this Franco-British salient so that at its end it became two rather narrow German salients, and therefore dangerous.

The greatest progress at first was made at the north from Albert. So rapid was the attack that the Germans, even though they were expecting something, were evidently taken by surprise. Before the end of the week the British smash had started the Germans fleeing. General Haig's forces, which included French as well as British troops, made their progress beyond all expectation.

One feature of the attack was the use of tanks. These were of two kinds: the huge tanks and the smaller ones called "whippets." These machines in making their advance looked, it is said, like battleships surrounded by destroyers. The old days of trench warfare seemed for the time being to be past. There was no retirement to new trenches on the part of the Germans, but a fight in the open, in which the tanks supplemented the artillery and machine guns and in which cavalry took part, supplemented by the battle planes that swooped near the ground to fire into the retreating Germans and add to their confusion.

Before the middle of last week the first rush of the Allies' offensive somewhat subsided. This is not surprising. There is a limit to the endurance of men and animals. There is a limit to the speed with which guns and supplies can follow infantry. The attacking force is extending its lines of communication while the retreating force is falling back upon them and getting nearer to the protecting line of its artillery. It is inevitable, therefore, that attacks should be punctuated by pauses. Whether this particular offensive had virtually reached its limit by August 13 it was not possible to say on that date; but it is evident that the Germans were as decisively worsted in these days of fighting as they had been in the three weeks preceding. The fact that the French on August 13 had gained control of the Lassigny *massif*, the wooded cliffs which lie east of Montdidier, and which command the terrain in that region, gives promise of further infliction of demoralizing defeat upon the Germans.

When the German High Command decided upon their great offensive last spring, they must have known what the price of failure would be. They sacrificed their men by the hundreds of thousands on a chance that they could destroy the Allied forces before the end came. They approached success more closely than we like to think, but they missed it. And now that they have lost the initiative they lack their men whom they sent to death or disablement. And while they have been losing men, the Allies have been gaining them. By the hundreds of thousands Americans have been added to Foch's reserves. The tables are turned.

A TIME FOR SELF-DISCIPLINE

Now that the positions of the Allies and the Germans, respectively, have been reversed, it is natural that elation should replace depression. As a matter of fact, there is danger in both extremes of feeling. In the late days of March and all during April there were people in America who were plainly discouraged. Not infrequently one heard talk of defeat and the necessity of being prepared for it. Of course the individuals who said such things as that were rare, but they represented moods that overtook a good many people who were otherwise sensible. There was no reason in all this. The French and British had been through over three years of cruel suffering and had faced many serious reverses, yet when we were experiencing our first reverse we forgot what the French and British had gone through. Now we are tasting our first victory, and some of us are going to be emotionally unstable enough to get our expectations up to a very high level indeed. If the facts fail to fulfill those expectations, the corresponding disappointment is going to be very keen. As a matter of fact, ultimate victory is certain. It was as certain last spring as it is to-day, but now it seems much nearer. It is well to remember the importance of keeping one's head level in times of reversal—and also in times of success.

In the battle between the Somme and the Oise Americans have taken some part, though not as conspicuous a part as they took in reducing the Marne salient. What they contributed to this phase of the Allied offensive has been their presence on the front as a reserve. That is what has given this offensive power. It is the troops that a general does not use but has that count in a situation like this as much as the troops that do the fighting. The two Crown Princes are in trouble because they have not the reserves that they need. That is one way of briefly stating the military situation as some military authorities interpret it. So we Americans have good cause for satisfaction in what our country has been able to contribute to Allied victories. It is well, however, for us to remember that we have been late in rendering this service, that we were slow in coming into the war, and slow in delivering our power after we came in. We shall serve best if we keep in mind facts that are sobering as well as facts that are reassuring.

This time is eminently a time for self-discipline.

THE WAR ON THE SEA

Nothing in the whole series of Germany's outrages and atrocities has been more damning than the latest developments of her submarine warfare.

On August 5 a submarine appearing off the coast of North Carolina shelled and sank a lightship.

Five days later a German submarine, perhaps the same one, released oil which generated poisonous gas so that as the tide swept by a Coast Guard station and a lighthouse on the same coast it would poison those in charge.

So far no death has been reported as a consequence of these two attacks; but the heinousness of the attack is not to be measured by its threat to human life, but by its threat to the substance and fabric of civilization. The lightship, the lighthouse, and the Coast Guard are essential instruments of that commerce upon the seas which is the life of civilized society. Coasts are charted, lighthouses erected and maintained, and

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rules of conduct at sea are promulgated and enforced by the common consent of seafaring people as a great service in which all nations participate for the common benefit and as a matter of self-interest as well as altruism. Who destroys these things destroys the foundations of civilized life.

If Germany were to be victorious by destroying all lightships, all buoys, all coast guards, all charts of the sea, she would conquer a world hardly worth the having.

By these submarine attacks on lighthouses and lightships Germany confirms her piracy. She is not worthy to be called a civilized nation or treated as such, because she has made war on civilization itself. She is trying to pull the temple of the world's civilization down. Were she to succeed, she would herself be crushed in the ruin.

CAN RUSSIA RECOVER?

It is almost impossible to be sure of the truth or the falsity of any one report that comes these days from Russia. Nevertheless it is becoming more and more clearly evident that the régime of the Bolsheviki is weakening, and it is possible that its end may come almost any day. Of course anarchy such as that which has prevailed in Russia can be ended only by the establishment of something at least resembling stable government, and that cannot be brought about in a day. The process of restoring Russia is bound to be a slow one at best, but it can be hastened by getting rid of the masters of misrule. It has been reported that Trotsky and his master Lenine have fled to the naval base of Kronstadt. Whether these two are a pair of rogues or a pair of fanatics or a mixture of fanatic and rogue, they have been profitable servants of Germany and betrayers of the cause of freedom and human rights which they have pretended to serve. They are out in the open as hostile to the Allies. They have never done anything to indicate that they were worthy of a moment's trust; but they have now shown their hands, for Lenine has openly declared that his so-called government regards the Allies as its enemies.

What Russia needed was some man or some group or some friendly nation with courage and intelligence enough to challenge the Bolsheviki on behalf of the Russians themselves. These Anarchistic autocrats, like all autocrats, were in a minority; but they held the machinery of power. When the German Ambassador to Russia, supposed to be another protection, was assassinated on July 6, the Bolsheviki, called to account by Germany, were revealed as a sham. Those who hate tyranny in any form can understand why the same method of assassination which was employed against the autocracy of the Czar was employed also against the autocracy of the pro-German Bolshevik leaders.

In the meantime the growing power of the Czechoslovaks indicates that they are going to prove to be a nucleus about which the liberty-loving Russians with the aid of Allied forces can gather to repel German encroachments. American troops numbering about seven thousand men under Major-General William S. Graves (whose portrait appears on another page), and an equal number of Japanese troops under General Kikuzo Otani (who as ranking officer will be commander in the field), will co-operate with the Czechoslovaks in undertaking to clear Siberia of the Austrians and Germans, liberated prisoners of war, who have been trying to control that vast region. This is, of course, in the interest of the Siberian population as well as of the Allied cause. The recovery of Russia is possible only by such military action.

BRITAIN'S PART IN THE WAR

One of the greatest and most effective speeches of his career was delivered by Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Great Britain, on August 7. It was, in effect, a review of Britain's course and Britain's service in this war.

He declared that the British Empire did not enter the war "because it believed that British soil was to be invaded or even threatened with invasion, but because of an outrage upon international right." He proceeded to cite some of the facts to show what British influence had been upon the course of the war. Naturally, his first thought turned to the British navy. The navy's part, he pointed out, was not played where men could see it and picture it and report it for all the world, but took place rather "on a vast wilderness of sea over hundreds of thousands of square miles, with no one to witness it or to describe it except those who took part in the fierce struggle." The navy has no winter quarters and it is carrying on a struggle which is decisive. Without it there could be no fighting by the Allies on the land.

For four years the sea has been patrolled by the British fleet. In the month of June alone ships of the British navy steamed 8,000,000 miles. The majority of American troops landed in France have been carried on British ships, and these ships have been diverted from other services for this purpose. The land offensive of the Germans might have been disastrous, but a sea offensive would be decisive. This is what the British navy has prevented. "Unless the Allies had been completely triumphant from the outbreak of the war at sea, no effort on land could have saved us."

So much for the British navy. But there is a great story to be told about the British army. At no time before the war was there any expectation that Great Britain would supply armed forces greater than six divisions. As a matter of record, Great Britain alone has raised an army of six and one-quarter million men. This Mr. Lloyd George himself translated into American terms, for he said, "If the United States of America were to call to the colors the same number of men in proportion to her population, it would mean nearly fifteen millions of men."

Mr. Lloyd George spoke, in particular, of what the British army had done since March 21. When that blow first fell, there was no unity of command. Each general was concerned with the defenses of his own front. The British army, of course, was thrown back, but it was not overwhelmed, and in the midst of the struggle unity of command came. The great, unexpected losses of the British were made up. "In a fortnight's time 268,000 men were thrown across the Channel, one of the most remarkable feats of British shipping." In a month's time "a fresh gun had been put back for every gun that was lost, and every deficiency in machine guns not merely supplied, but the number increased." By May 1 the Germans had left the British without overwhelming them.

Mr. Lloyd George paid tribute to the French and Americans, and, in particular, made this declaration: "From the moment that General Foch assumed strategic command the fortunes of the Allied armies were restored." The Prime Minister pointed out that General Foch was not strictly a generalissimo. A generalissimo has complete control, appointing and dismissing all generals; this sort of command General Foch does not have, and does not desire, but has strategic command instead—that is, command over the strategy of the armies.

Mr. Lloyd George concluded his speech with an explanation of the policy of the British people toward Russia, which is to enable the Russian people to be free from German control, so that they can make decisions and act for themselves. He explained that the Czechoslovaks were in Russia not because they chose to be but because the Bolshevist Government prevented them from leaving and forced them into their present position. He concluded by holding up the Russian peace as a warning to the Allies, and pointed out that no peace could be durable if the Prussian sword clanked on the council table.

THE "HONORABLE HUN"

The British papers call Maximilian Harden, editor of the well-known weekly German paper "Die Zukunft," the "honorable Hun," because of his apparent independence and the straightforwardness of his comment on current events. A copy of an editorial by Harden, as telegraphed from Amsterdam, has lately reached this country. Having read the accounts of the common celebrations of the Fourth of July in Great Britain, France, and America, Herr Harden calls it "a marvelous spectacle" among nations once enemies, and contrasts with it the relations between Austria and Germany, even though they are now allies. He says, as quoted by the New York "Sun:"

> Could Austria's ruling house celebrate in closest harmony with Prussia July 22, when, in 1742, Silesia was taken from Austria? People who in freedom choose the way of their destiny

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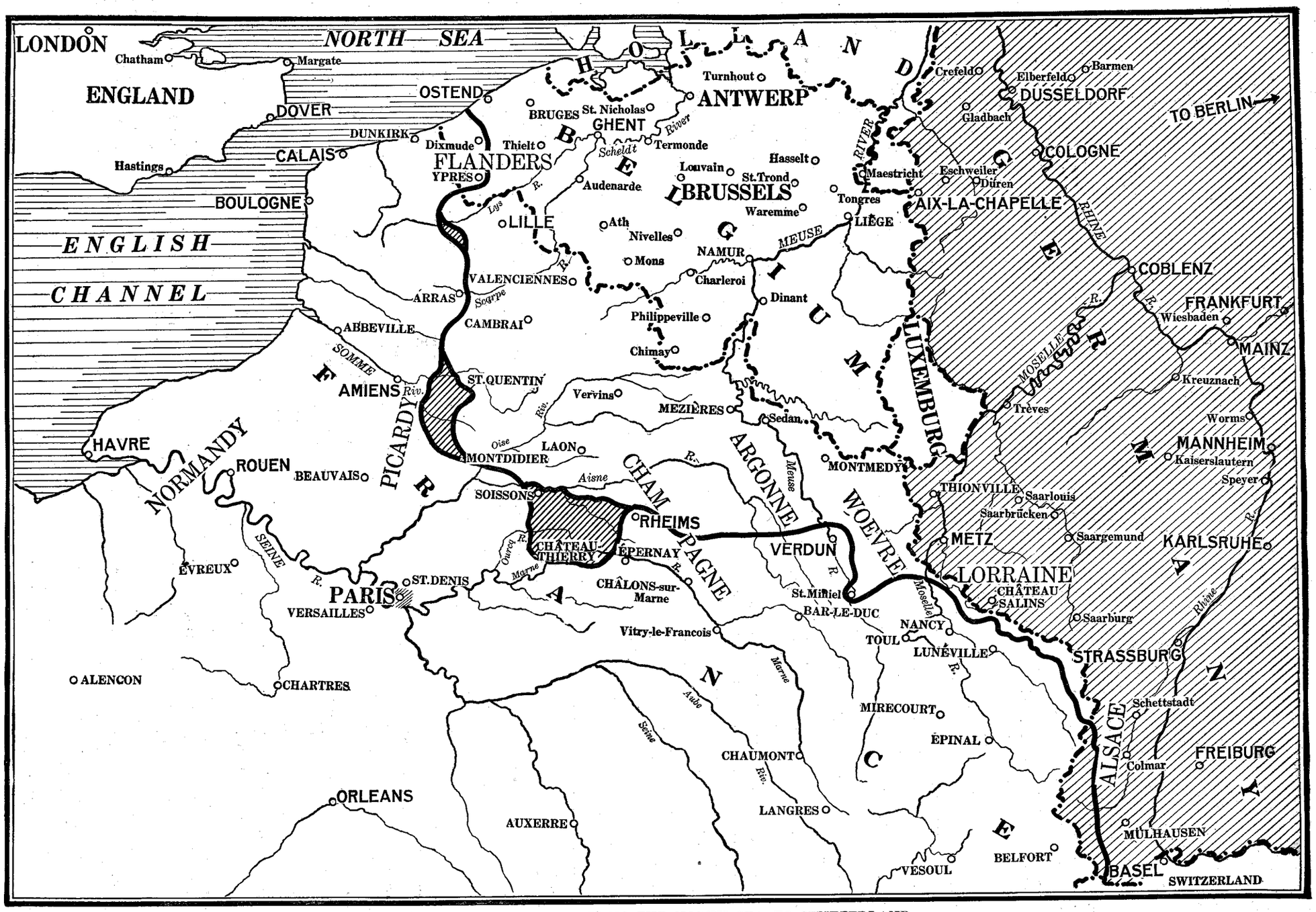

THE WESTERN FRONT FROM THE NORTH SEA TO SWITZERLAND

Showing the relation of the fighting forces to France, England, Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany, and the relative positions of the old provinces of France, such as Flanders, Picardy, the Champagne, and Alsace-Lorraine. The Allies' recent gains are shown in the shaded portions of the map west of Rheims and northwest of Montdidier

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can always reach friendship. Because the dynasty at Windsor does not indulge in incendiarism and does not need to fester in blood, the wound of 1776 is fully healed.

Herr Harden lays the distrust of Germany on the part of all the world, even of Austria, her ally, to two things: first, militarism; and, second, pan-Germanism. "Five continents," Harden declares, "now see in the German Kaiser a man determined to carry out the pan-German programme." This is the only conclusion, he adds, that can be drawn from the Emperor's recent speech. The effect will be most important upon Austria and upon Germany's other allies, comments the writer, and they will protest against the "idea that they are fighting for the triumph of the Prussian and German conception of the world." Then Harden concludes this speech to be an open admission that only the Prussian and German conception of the world was consistent with right and that Germany had long been prepared for war. "How does this fatalistic view," he asks, "fit in with the official legend of the attack which took a peaceful people by surprise?"

Herr Harden also seeks to impress upon his readers the truth that America entered the war from idealistic motives. To these motives, he asserts, many Germans are blind, and, accordingly, most Germans decry them. He affirms that America's decision was bound to fall where it did fall, whether the President's name was Hughes, Taft, Roosevelt, or Wilson.

Herr Harden also attacks Admiral von Tirpitz as a carrier of the ancient Prussian traditions of Frederick the Great, whom the writer quotes as asking:

> Who gave to one man the right to lay the foundation of fresh power on human misery and destruction? Conquered lands do not make the dominions of a conqueror richer, nor his peoples happier; and a ruler who imagines he can increase his own happiness thereby is in grave error.

Yet in the same year in which Frederick spoke these words he prepared for the invasion of Silesia. This sort of morality, Harden concludes, still inspires the rulers of Germany.

The Rotterdam correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph" also sends a transcript of the editorial, in which we read:

> We have a Government which, calling itself pan-German or whatever else it likes, only expects peace through the might of the army, and feels certain of obtaining it in a short time. We may be certain that no words of theirs will ever gain belief anywhere.

Herr Harden also pays his compliments to Chancellor von Hertling's recent statement concerning Belgium as a "pawn" for diplomatic dealings and inquiries:

> Can a country be regarded as an independent state which is only to be returned to the owners when negotiations with twenty other states have reached a favorable conclusion? . . . International law forbids Germany to retain even one pebble of Belgian streets, and commands Germany to restore Belgium to the conditions before invasion. Is Belgium, as a Chancellor, a State Secretary, and an Ambassador have confessed, an innocent victim of German self-defense? Then we have to ask its forgiveness and not force conditions upon it.

Is Harden allowed to speak so freely because the rulers of Germany believe that they have rendered the German people incapable of recognizing the truth when they hear it?

HOUSE-CLEANING IN FRANCE

Louis Malvy, Minister of the Interior in several French Cabinets, has been banished from France for five years.

Malvy had been accused of treason. He had been accused of having revealed to the Germans the French plans for an offensive in April, 1917. The French Senate, sitting as a High Court, found that this charge was not borne out by the facts.

But the Senators did find him guilty of malfeasance in office. They found that he allowed, and even encouraged, the "defeatist" propaganda which was undermining the country's morale. The "defeatist" group, working largely through the seditious "Bonnet Rouge" paper, and lessening discipline in the army, had gained surprising favor at the Ministry of the Interior. Malvy, as Minister, had charge of the national police, who, so it was claimed, thwarted the legitimate activities of the military police against Anarchistic lecturers and pamphleteers. Malvy's defense was that he was obliged so to act to prevent a crisis more dangerous to the country than the propaganda h permitted, and that his seeming laxity had been merely a blin to encourage traitors to hang themselves!

A year ago Malvy resigned from the Cabinet, declaring tha he would vindicate his honor. Since then three of the trial growing out of the "Bonnet Rouge" and other alleged Germa propagandist efforts have taken place. As a result, on April 1 Bolo Pasha was executed, on July 17 Duval was executed, an on August 6 Malvy was sentenced to banishment.

Such a sentence seems unusual in these days. In France it ha been generally directed against royalist pretenders. What i known in the French Code as the crime of forfeiture was applie in Malvy's case. Forfeiture is defined by the Code as any crim committed by a public functionary in the exercise of his func tions. The Code provides that any functionary who has ordere or committed any act against individual liberty or the civi rights of any person or against the Constitution shall be pun ished with the loss of civil rights, and, if the guilty person be Minister, the penalty shall be banishment.

Accordingly Malvy lost his seat in the Chamber of Deputie and was banished. He was permitted to choose his place of resi dence, however. He chose Spain. Was it because he would ther be near the relatives of the late Miguel Almereyda, once edito of the "Bonnet Rouge"?

The sentence seems light. It is so because Malvy's crime wa one of omission rather than commission. Yet, while he may no himself have committed a technically treasonable act, he cer tainly allowed others to give aid and comfort to the enemy.

France now faces the trial of the most powerful person among those apprehended, Joseph Caillaux, ex-Prime Minister. Hi trial will doubtless have a more political complexion than any o the previous trials have had.

For the significance of the movement is that France is really cleaning house. She began in July, 1917, when Georges Clemenceau became Prime Minister, chiefly for the purpose of vindicating his charges against the "Bonnet Rouge" gang. Major and minor "defeatists" were arrested and indicted. With the exception of Caillaux—and his trial is yet to come—they have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment or banishment or have been executed.

Vive la France!

PARSONS AND PROFESSORS

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of the Free Synagogue in New York City, whose portrait appears on another page, is not the only preacher who has become a ship-builder. In one Maine shipyard four clergymen are now at work. College professors too have turned their hands to manual labor and are constructing ships.

The four clergymen are the Rev. W. E. Green, L. E. Darling, M. P. Darling, and R. S. Loard. They belong to various Protestant denominations and are all working at the Cumberland Ship-Building Company's yards, South Portland, Maine.

In the same yards are Professor W. F. Daggett, of the University of Maine, at Orono, and Professor William Wallace Andrews, Principal of the Butler Grammar School, at Portland. Another notable recruit to the Maine shipyards is Dr. Arthur Leacock, Professor of Greek at Phillips Exeter Academy.

So almost completely have all these parsons and professors succeeded in losing their identity in the shipyard that it is with some difficulty that they may be located among the workers. The same is true of Dr. Wise and his son James, who are working as common laborers at $3 a day in the Luders Marine Construction Company's Shipyards, Stamford, Connecticut. Dr. Wise reports with his son at 7 A.M. daily and quits with the other workers. These men whom we have mentioned are but a few among many Americans who have chosen to work in the shipyards as their contribution of energy to the winning of the war.

ONE UNITED STATES ARMY

A change in the status of the American Army has been made by the War Department under the advice and advocacy

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Rehse in the New York World

BRINGING HOME THE BACON

GOOD WORK!—NOW GET SOME MORE!

Cesare in the New York Evening Post

RECOMMENDED FOR GALLANTRY BY MR. HOOVER

A FORGOTTEN SOLDIER

From Nebelspalter (Zurich, Switzerland)

THE ANGEL OF PEACE PREPARING FOR A VISIT TO EARTH
"Now that I have my gas mask on, I am ready to go down there!"

A GERMAN-SWISS CARTOON ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE PEACE-MAKER

Hermann-Paul in La Victoire (Paris)

Trotsky: "Oh, horror! They have killed a German!"

APROPOS OF THE DEATH OF MIRBACH, THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA

From London Opinion

THE ORIGINAL INVENTORS OF THE CHEWING-GUM FAD

APROPOS OF THE INVASION OF ENGLAND BY AN AMERICAN HABIT

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of General March, Chief of Staff, which is much more important than the amount of space given to it by the Government and the press would indicate. It is quite possible that little popular attention has been paid to the change because the American people had already forestalled it in their own attitude. Stated in non-technical words, the change is in the direction of the unification of the American Army. Heretofore there have been three grand divisions in the Army—the Regulars, the selective draft men or National Army, and the Federalized National Guard. The insignia of the officers of the Regular Army consists simply of the letters "U. S.," while these two letters have been combined with "N. G.," or National Guard, in the regiments made up out of the former National Guard, and with the letters "N. A." in regiments made out of the selective draft. People at large did not pay much attention to these distinctions. The men fighting on the western front belonged to the American Army, and that was enough. The significance of this change is well expressed in General March's own words in an interview in the New York "Times." He said:

> It democratizes the military machine. The institution of the draft has made a great democratic army, in which we do not propose to have any difference, in the public estimation, in any branch of it. They are all to be on an equality—the men who have come from the Regular Army, from the National Guard, and from civil life—and, as the war proceeds and the training and experience all these recruits require become more nearly equal, they will in fact be on an absolutely equal basis. There should be nothing to indicate that any one is in any sense better than any other. All officers of the unified Army will wear the insignia "U. S." on their collars, previously used only by officers of the Regular Army, and the special identifying insignia hitherto worn by officers of the National Army and the National Guard will be abolished.

This change gives us technically as well as actually an army of citizens trained to defend themselves instead of an army of professional soldiers hired to defend the citizens. There will still be professional soldiers, as there are professional doctors or professional engineers or professional miners, highly trained in military science and art and selecting that art and science as their life-work. These men will be to the Army at large what the coaches are to a football team, with this slight difference, that they will not only train the teams, but they will fight with them. Thus little by little the idea of universal obligatory military training and service, which shall give us, not a volunteer militia, but a competent citizen army of defense, is taking root in the country.

A WHITE LIST

Eight principal measures having to do with preparedness and war marked the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Congresses. Those which favored preparedness were the following:

The Kahn Amendment to the Hay Army Bill, March 23, 1916. This amendment sought to increase the Regular Army to 178,000.

The Brandegee Amendment to the Hay-Chamberlain Army Bill, April 18, 1916. This amendment provided for an army of 250,000.

The provision on the same date for a volunteer reserve army wholly under Federal control.

The motion to recommit the Naval Appropriation Bill, June 2, 1916. This motion was designed to instruct an increase in the Navy beyond that provided in the original bill.

The resolution authorizing the declaration of war, April 5, 1917.

The Kahn Amendment of April 23, 1917, providing for the raising, by conscription, of the necessary army to give effect to the declaration of war.

Those which were against preparedness were:

The McLemore Resolution, March 17, 1916, to the effect that American citizens should forego their natural, legal, and Constitutional rights to travel on the high seas.

The Cooper Amendment, March 1, 1917, designed to prohibit to American ships their legal right to carry arms and munitions in their cargoes.

Many Congressmen who voted on these measures are "up" for re-election. Should they be re-elected? Not if, in general, they voted wrong.

That many of them did vote wrong is revealed in compact and impressive form by the National Security League. It publishes a chart showing the vote of each member of the House of Representatives in the two Congresses on the eight measures.

A glance at this is illuminative. It shows one State, Rhode Island, on what might be called a "white list;" that is to say, it shows that all the Representatives from that State voted right on each of the eight measures, and that the Representatives of some States, as, for instance, Connecticut and Massachusetts, voted right in nearly every case; that in Illinois, Maine, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Washington, and West Virginia one, and often more than one, voted right; but it also shows, to their shame, that the Representatives from all the other States were either "not voting" or voted wrong on some one of the issues, if they did not vote wrong on most of them or all of them.

It is a matter of pride and pleasure to make a "white list" of the forty-seven Representatives who voted right on each of the eight issues. They were:

Freeman, Tilson, and Glynn, of Connecticut.
Foss, of Illinois.
Peters, of Maine.
Treadway, Gillett, Paige, Winslow, Rogers, Phelan, Dallinger, Tinkham, Carter, Greene, and Walsh, of Massachusetts.
Wason, of New Hampshire.
Scully and Parker, of New Jersey.
Hicks, Swift, Hulbert, Husted, Platt, Sanford, Parker, Snell, Mott, Snyder, Fairchild, Magee, Gould, Pratt, Dunn, Rowe, and Dempsey, of New York.
Emerson, of Ohio.
McArthur, of Oregon.
Darrow, Edmonds, and Farr, of Pennsylvania.
O'Shaunessy, Stiness, and Kennedy, of Rhode Island.
Hadley, of Washington.
Bowers and Cooper, of West Virginia.

Some of the new Representatives, we may add, replacing former incumbents, have clean records concerning the measures on which they had an opportunity to vote. How they would have voted on the earlier measures, in view of the conversion of many formerly recalcitrant members, we do not know. The new members with clean records are:

Lea and Osborne, of California.
Lonergan, of Connecticut.
Polk, of Delaware.
Drane, of Florida.
Overstreet, of Georgia.
French, of Idaho.
McCormick, Martin, Juul, Graham, and Ireland, of Illinois.
Denton, Bland, Sanders, Vestal, Purnel, and Fairfield, of Indiana.
Lufkin and Fuller, of Massachusetts.
Currie, of Michigan.
Burroughs, of New Hampshire.
Ramsey, of New Jersey.
Walton, of New Mexico.
Sullivan, La Guardia, Smith, Francis, Siegel, Oliver, Fairchild, Lunn, Sanders, and Waldow, of New York.
Robinson and Weaver, of North Carolina.
Heintz, Welty, and White, of Ohio.
Chandler and McKeown, of Oklahoma.
McLaughlin, Templeton, Rose, Brodbeck, Robbins, Clark, Strong, Kelley, and Campbell, of Pennsylvania.
Fisher, of Tennessee.
Mansfield, Connally, Wilson, Jones, Blanton, and Garrett, of Texas.
Welling, of Utah.
Harrison, of Virginia.
Miller, of Washington.
Reed and Littlepage, of West Virginia.
Classon, of Wisconsin.

A BLACKLIST

The blacklist, it will surprise some to learn, is headed by North Dakota, Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, and Wisconsin, with percentages of 79.16, 78.12, 75, 75, and 70.45, respectively, of wrong votes.

Seven Congressmen voted wrong on all eight measures, twenty-two on seven, thirty wrong on six, fifty-eight wrong on five, etc. But it must be admitted that the mere vote for the McLemore resolution, provided the candidate's vote on the

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other seven measures was right, would not of itself be sufficient to eliminate that candidate from popular approval. No less a leader of preparedness than Julius Kahn voted for the McLemore resolution, but he voted right on every other measure.

In general, however, the frail ones have been very frail indeed. Take, for instance, George Huddleston, of Alabama, a Democratic Representative. He voted wrong on everything except the declaration of war. On August 9 President Wilson telegraphed concerning him:

> I do not feel at liberty to make any discrimination between candidates equally loyal, but I think I am justified in saying that Mr. Huddleston's record proved him in every way an opponent of the Administration.

Or take James L. Slayden, of Texas, a Democratic Representative for twenty-two years, and Chairman of the American Group of the Interparliamentary Union. Though he voted for the declaration of war, he also voted wrong on every other of the seven issues. President Wilson has written of this case:

> As between candidates equally loyal the Administration never takes part. But, in the light of Mr. Slayden's record, no one can claim that he has given support to the Administration.

To the word "Administration" the President might have added "and to American rights." Speaker Clark, so the papers say, had indorsed Mr. Slayden's candidacy for re-election and also that of Benjamin C. Hilliard, one of the Democratic Representatives from Colorado. Despite the Speaker's supposed powerful influence, however, the Democratic County Committee in Mr. Hilliard's district has officially denounced his record.

We ask our readers to look at the lists above and see if the names of their Congressmen are in them. If not, let the readers think whether they should not get another Congressman, whether he belongs to the particular reader's party or not.

The chance of getting the right man is the more assured from the fact that in 164 Congressional districts the vote for members of the House was close at the last election.

Moreover, the work should be done before the primaries are held. Primaries, it is true, have already been held in some States. But it is not too late to influence the selection of candidates in those States whose primaries are not held until the latter part of August or September.

A survey of the candidates already chosen does not indicate that the people have risen to their responsibilities at this time. Similar indifference and neglect elsewhere may make it impossible to secure a Congress truly representative of the country's patriotic and fighting spirit.

THE PRICES OF WHEAT AND COTTON

President Wilson recently vetoed the Gore Bill, which would have fixed a minimum price of $2.40 a bushel on wheat. Among the letters received by The Outlook on the subject we quote from two—one for, the other against, the bill. The first says:

> Is there any surer way to induce the farmer . . . to leave his farm than to offer him double the wage in the shop that he can get on the farm? Many are leaving the farms here. Can you blame them? . . .
>
> If we have wheat, we are told that we must sell it and pay more for corn and other feed than we get for the wheat. Many farmers fed their wheat last fall because it was almost impossible for them to get other feed for their poultry except by paying considerably more. Can you blame them?
>
> We cannot get the acknowledged cost of production of milk, butter, and cheese. We are told that there is a surplus of these things. Can you blame us if we sell our cows for beef and our dairy calves for veal?
>
> The Government tells us to produce, . . . and to take less than the cost of production.
>
> We get along largely on the unpaid labor of women and children. The wife and mother takes care of the poultry, milks cows, hauls milk and feed, loads hay—in short, she will average at least five hours per day in productive labor for the greater part of the year. . . .
>
> I expect to stick to the farm and do my best, even though my friends go into the factory and have money to spend while I keep grubbing away.

The second letter says, in part:

> A wealthy farmer in Platte County, Missouri, held about six thousand bushels of wheat; the market price was $2.65 per bushel. He was advised to sell at once, and was told that the Government intended to fix the price of wheat, and that the new price would probably be near $2 per bushel. He claimed to be too busy to haul the wheat five miles to the elevator, and declined to sell. In due time the price was fixed, and the price at the elevator fell from $2.65 to $2.15. Well-meaning friends remonstrated:
>
> "Uncle Frank, do you know that the Government has fixed the price of wheat at $2.15?"
>
> "That so? Well, I guess it's all right."
>
> "But why didn't you sell before the price was fixed?"
>
> "I never stop my plowing for anything. Time to plow is when plowing is good, and I couldn't leave that to haul wheat."
>
> "But you've lost right near $3,000 by holding on."
>
> "Can't help it; never risk your coming crop when the time is right for getting the ground ready. Anyway, *two dollars is all it's worth.*"
>
> Within the past week the record of two wheat crops near Kansas City has appeared in the Kansas City "Star." The F. F. Marty farm, near Bucyrus, Kansas, yielded an average of nearly 35 bushels to the acre. The crop was sold at a gross return of over $76 per acre. The Scott farm, near Merwin, Missouri, reports a yield of an average of nearly 53 bushels per acre, which, at the present rate, would show a gross return of over $116 per acre. The first of these farms is operated directly by the owner, who, in addition to wheat, raises, successfully, corn, hay, and live stock. A just distribution of expense would probably show that the cost of his wheat did not exceed $10 per acre, leaving a profit such as cannot be attained in any other line of business outside of the exceptional and protected classes.

As proposed in the Senate by Mr. Gore, of Oklahoma, the bill, because of the greater cost of producing the present wheat crop, would have guaranteed the farmers a minimum price of $2.50 for wheat. Last year and this year the Government made the price $2.20. Congress finally inserted a price of $2.40 in the bill. The President vetoed it, because, as he said, "I believe that such unelastic legislative price provisions are unsusceptible of being administered in a way that will be advantageous either to the producer or to the consumer, establishing, as they do, arbitrary levels which are quite independent of the normal market conditions. . . . A fixed minimum price of $2.40 per bushel would, it is estimated, raise the present price of flour from $10.50 to $12.50 at the mill. . . . The Allied Governments would, of course, be compelled to make all of the purchases at the increased figure."

"Courtier farmers, swinging incense before the President, have told him that it was the essence of justice and fairness that the farmer should receive eighty cents less a bushel for his wheat than he could get in the open market," commented the Oklahoma Senator, who proceeded again to show that the cost of producing wheat is different in different States, that the farmers are getting about a fifth less on an average for their wheat than before the Government assumed control of prices, that the Southern Senators would never vote to reduce the high price of cotton, and yet, in fairness, they should apply the same treatment to themselves that the Administration applies to the wheat farmers. Senator Reed, of Missouri, pointed out that wheat has increased a little more than one hundred per cent over the 1915 price, while cotton has increased more than four hundred per cent.

Not a few ask for an extension of Government price-fixing in cotton under terms equivalent to those now applied to wheat and sugar. This agitation comes not only from Northern farmers, but from some men connected with the cotton industry, who want increased warehousing facilities and the purchase of surplus cotton at a fixed price by a bankers' syndicate backed by the Government. Another group of men ask for Government action to stabilize the cotton market, preferably through a cotton corporation, Governmentally financed, as is the Wheat Corporation. These plans, however, are offset by the farmers' organizations in such States as Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma, which are opposed to the fixing of prices for cotton at all.

COASTAL CANALS

The Federal Government has now taken over the Cape Cod Canal. The danger to ships off Cape Cod from submarine

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operations calls attention to the desirability of protecting the coal supply going into New England from Southern ports.

The Cape Cod Canal connects Buzzards Bay with Barnstable Bay. It is only eight miles long, but it saves vessels in going from New York to Boston a seventy-mile journey in circling Cape Cod. The canal has immensely aided in the movement of vessels between New York and Boston.

Recently the Federal Government's transportation system took over the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and expects to take over the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. Thus it would "line up" and join two waterways. From Boston, in Massachusetts, to Beaufort, in North Carolina, there stretch a series of waterways which should be connected as far as possible; moreover, there should be a sea-level canal across New Jersey; only thirty miles of actual cutting would be needed for it.

Such a system of waterways would be valuable both in peace and in war time. Boats have always had difficulty in rounding Nantucket shoals and beating up the Massachusetts coast. They certainly have had difficulty in traversing the waters off Cape Hatteras. The region between the capes of the Delaware and Cape Lookout is famous for its storms and dangers. With regard to this latter stretch, from the Virginia line to Beaufort (off which on August 6 a German submarine torpedoed and sank the American steamer Merak), there are inland sounds through which the lighter craft may now pass safely. These waterways should be deepened so as to be navigable by ordinary passing steamers.

This at any time. But in war time the submarine menace all along the Atlantic has now shown the added necessity for protecting coastwise commerce.

THE CHILD AND ART

"This is a place that children really like. It is not merely a place that grown-ups think that children ought to like and prod them to go to." So writes a Boston correspondent of The Outlook, referring to the new Children's Center there. In November, 1915, The Outlook described the plan of Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, Curator of Prints in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, for a children's museum of art. It is a satisfaction now to record the establishment of a children's art center, in its own building, all due to Mr. Carrington's initiative.

The structure is of the most modest sort. It is of brick, and only one story high; but its architecture is charming. It stands at the rear of a garden, at 36 Rutland Street, Boston, next to the South End Music School. This music school settlement (not to be confounded with the Conservatory of Music), located a few blocks from the well-known South End House Settlement in a crowded Boston district, is a neighborhood music school, and the Children's Center is a neighborhood art museum. As it is thus no competitor in size or equipment of the great Boston Museum of Fine Arts, its very smallness of size and its untiresome littleness of exhibit have already proved their appeal to the child.

In three niches of the exterior wall are cherub heads. The child enters a side-lighted structure with arched windows. Symmetrical with the round heads of the windows are five lunettes on the opposite wall, and two larger lunettes are at the end of the long barrel vault. These lunettes are to be filled with appropriate mural decoration.

The exhibition consists of pictures, sculptures, and other objects, mostly lent; but the nucleus of a permanent collection has already been formed. The pictures are hung low. They have been selected, of course, with an eye single to the interest of the child. There are Maxfield Parrish's original drawings for the illustration of the "Golden Age," for instance. There are originals by the inimitable Peter Newell. There is an original drawing of a baby by Mary Cassatt. There is even a Whistler etching of a young girl. Among the other works are reproductions in color of Japanese prints, of Indian and Persian miniatures, of Edmond Dulac's "Arabian Nights" illustrations, and of prints in color of many celebrated masterpieces. The collection of sculptures is no less significant. There is a group of Frederick Roth's amusing animal studies executed in glazed pottery or porcelain. There is also a figure by Tolles Chamberlain. There is Bessie Potter Vonnoh's "Daphne" and Paul Manship's "Adonis." The small groups are placed on low tables. Exhibitions will succeed each other at stated intervals, it is announced, so that, on returning to the gallery, the children may receive the stimulus of finding things there which they had not before seen. Nor is it a crime for a child to touch things or to rub his nose against the glass or to speak out loud or to skip a step or two!

The Children's Center is open every week day, also on one evening a week; later it is expected to have it open every evening. Of course it is not to be closed during the summer months. Indeed, the present season has its special significance because of the flower and vegetable garden in front, cultivated by pupils of the music school, and used, as we shall see, by the Children's Center little folk. Concerning it another Outlook correspondent, a lady, writes as follows:

> There were from fifteen to twenty children [the class now numbers over fifty], of all ages and colors, sitting beside the growing plants, with drawing-paper, pencils, etc. Some were taking their first lesson in drawing stems; others were doing more advanced work. All seemed free and happy and not at all afraid to approach their instructors for help. The thought behind the work—of bringing art and all it means nearer to the homes of the children, where they would feel free to go and come as they cannot at the Museum—is well worth while. . . . The freedom of the children and their apparent happiness in the work seemed to me to show that they had come of their own free will and because they enjoyed it and were fond of their teachers.

The weekly attendance has been about four hundred. Many children drop in, stay ten minutes in the building, then go out and play for about an hour, and return for another ten minutes. Why is not this the real way to look at pictures and things?

A WELCOME FOR AMERICANS IN ROME

The Outlook is requested to call the attention of all official workers in Italy, as well as representatives of the Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus, to the fact that a Bureau of Welcome and Information has been established in Rome at the Hotel Royal, Via XX Settembre. The scope of this Bureau, which is under the auspices of the American Embassy, is purely patriotic. It is to assist, free of charge, with information of every description, and thus save time, money, and mistakes. Rooms can be secured before arrival at all hotels. Assistance is given in shopping, which, in view of the custom of bargaining prevalent in Italy, will prove of great value. Interpreters and guides are furnished. Addresses of surgeons, doctors, dentists, equipment dealers, etc., are found.

There is also, in connection with this Bureau, which is managed by American women resident in Rome, a committee for social entertainment.

THE VANISHING IMMIGRANT

The entrance of the United States into the war has reduced immigration almost to the vanishing point. Following the fateful August day in 1914 when war broke out, the stream was greatly curtailed, but immigrants continued to come from England, Finland, France, Greece, Ireland, Italy, Portugal, Scandinavia, Scotland, Spain, and Mexico—in some cases in larger numbers than before the war. The total of those admitted from these countries in the year before the United States became involved was 215,677. Between July 1 last year and May 1 this year the number was only 52,564. This marked reduction in the supply of alien labor has caused the Department of Labor, of which the Bureau of Immigration is a branch, to take a radical step toward the encouragement of immigration. It amounts to a temporary change of policy. In the past the efforts of those most actively interested in the subject lay in the direction of restriction, the means crystallizing in the Contract Labor Law, the literacy test, and the head tax. In order to obtain additional agricultural workers and laborers for maintenance of the way of railways and the operation of coal mines from Canada and Mexico, the enforcement of these three forms of restriction has been greatly modified.

On June 12 the Secretary of Labor issued regulations which temporarily nullify the operation of the literacy and contract labor sections of the Immigration Law so far as they relate to the

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kinds of labor mentioned. Under the new regulations, in the case of agricultural labor, those who arrange for the importation of such labor, the employers, must meet the laborers at the border, either in person or by representative, complete the arrangement of employment, and enter into an agreement with the immigration authorities that the labor will be employed in agricultural occupations alone, and will be returned to the port of exit at the end of the period for which admission is granted. The employer must also inform the immigration officials regarding the wages to be paid, the housing conditions, and the duration of the period of employment, and undertake to observe all laws of the State in which the labor is to be used respecting the housing and sanitation. The wages must be those currently paid. As a means of enforcing the requirement respecting the nature of the employment, the employer must withhold from the alien's pay twenty-five cents a day, and deposit the money in a postal savings bank. The money thus withheld is to be paid over at the port of exit to the alien when he returns to his native country. In the case of Mexicans, otherwise admissible, those accepting employment on the railways or in the coal mines will not be obliged to meet the requirements of the contract labor or literacy clauses of the law. Neither will they be required to pay a head tax. The period of employment is not to be longer than the term of the war. A part of the pay is to be withheld, as in the case of agricultural workers.

It is to be hoped that this change in the immigration policy will be successful in securing the labor which is needed. Under pressure of circumstances the Government has recognized that immigration is no longer a political, but an economic question. Although it has been an economic question for more than a score of years, many persons have persisted in viewing it as an effort of dissatisfied foreigners to find a dwelling-place in "the land of the free and the home of the brave." The adoption by aliens of the United States as a home for many years has been incidental to the ambition to better economic conditions.

BRITAIN'S BIT

IF we are to do our part in this war intelligently and effectively, we must understand the peoples with whom we are associated. There are five great peoples with whom we must cooperate, and whom, therefore, we must learn to know as friends. The French are our closest associates on the field of battle, and circumstances have brought them into intimate relations with us which are making acquaintance easy. The Russians have been misled and victimized, not only by the Germans, but by men of their own country; they are nevertheless natural friends of America and want to go our way. The Japanese are about to be more closely associated with us than they have been in the past, and the way to friendship with them has been made easy for us by traditions beginning with Perry. The Italians are bound to us by ties formed by thousands upon thousands of Italian immigrants, and we ought not to find it hard to learn to understand their point of view. But the British, to whom we are related not so much by blood as by speech and by social and political institutions, ought to be, it would seem, more intimately understood by us than any of these other peoples.

Some of the people of the British Empire we perhaps do understand better than any one else—the Canadians, the Australians, and the New Zealanders. Like us, these people of the dominions are children of the frontiersmen and the pioneers; like us, they have conquered and developed a new country and carried the ancestral torch of liberty to light the Western World. Yet the people of the British Isles, and particularly of England, we do not understand as we ought. It is our business, our duty, in this war to understand them. What is more, it is our business to make it easy for them to understand us. This is the more important because with no people, not even the French, are we going to be called upon to co-operate more closely than we are with the British.

In order to understand the British we must understand some of the reasons why we have not fully understood them.

One of these reasons is to be found in our history. We think of George III, against whom we revolted, as an English King, whereas in fact he was a German. We think of our Revolution as a struggle with the English people, whereas it was a struggle of the English people against an un-English Government. We remember Cornwallis, and forget, as a reader of The Outlook reminds us, that Lord Howe, Commander-in-Chief of the British armies during our Revolution, made it clear that he had no heart for the distasteful task of subjugating his countrymen, and that the Duke of Wellington flatly refused to command an army against America in 1814, stating his belief that it would be impossible to induce Englishmen to inflict a military defeat upon the United States of America. One reason, therefore, why we have misunderstood the English is that we have misread our own history.

Another reason is to be found in the skillful, determined, sentimental, and conscienceless propaganda of the Germans. We are beginning now to see how deliberate and well planned this propaganda has been; how it has extended from our school text-books up to the Germanic Museum at Harvard, how it has been disguised under the form of academic exchanges and educational hospitality. More than one plain American citizen has been made pro-German and anti-British by receiving some gracious favor at the hands of the Kaiser, who bestows his favor with an understanding of what its effect will be. And what has happened to individuals as the result of the Kaiser's personal favor has happened to Americans generally as a result of this very German policy of propaganda. Americans who are anti-British are to a great degree the dupes of the Germans.

Still another reason, perhaps the strongest reason of all, why we have not understood the British as well as some other peoples is that the British themselves have not been given to exploiting their own virtues. This reason for not understanding the British is, paradoxical as it may sound, a reason for admiring them. We shall understand them better when we understand their fine reticence. This quality of theirs is embedded in their vernacular. A war phrase which we have borrowed from them is the phrase, "To do one's bit." To many Americans this phrase has almost seemed to set up the slacker as a standard. As Mr. Cromie, in his article in last week's Outlook, says, with somewhat of reproach, "Not your bit, but your best." That is good counsel for Americans; but to an Englishman it is quite meaningless, for he understands that his bit is his best. To put it otherwise, an Englishman may be slaving himself to death—he may be fighting steadily for two or three days without sleep, he may be working uncomplainingly fifteen or twenty hours a day in a recruiting office rather than at the front because he has been gassed and has only one-half of a lung left—and he'll call it doing his bit. We Americans, following the Scriptural injunction, put our light on a candlestick. We should understand the British better if we realized that they often keep their light under a bushel. There are no service flags displayed in English shops or English homes; but it is doubtful whether there is any pride surpassing British pride in the service rendered by Britain's sons.

British statesmen and British publicists are not practiced in the art of letting the world know what their country is doing. The other day Lloyd George told his own country, through Parliament, something of what his and their Government had done in the war. We are reporting something of what he said on another page. We believe it is worth while for Americans to read of what Lloyd George said on that occasion.

In reading that speech, or even our summary of it, Americans would do well to remember that he was addressing, not them, but the British. It would be well for them to remember that during hundreds of years Great Britain has been living a life close to, but separate from, the rest of Europe. For these centuries England has had to endure no such tyranny, not even under the Stuarts, as France suffered under the Bourbons and Germany has suffered under the Hohenzollerns. England has prized her isolation because she knows that it enabled her hundreds of years ago to begin and carry out generation after generation that struggle for liberty which has made Englishmen freemen, and that without that isolation France came to her liberty late, and Germany does not even yet know what it means for men to be free. No wonder Englishmen are loth to let that isolation go. No wonder that Lloyd George, in speaking of unity of command, finds it necessary to explain to his fellow-countrymen that there is no cause for them to fear the loss of

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what they prize so greatly. And it is well, in reading what Lloyd George has to say, for Americans to remember that this war in which England is engaged is no new war, but the continuation and the culmination of that great struggle for liberty which is England's history.

It ought to make America both a humble and an emulous friend of Britain's to learn how Britain has done her bit.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CHURCH TO THE WORLD

What has impelled the people of the United States into this war? What moral and spiritual forces have been at work in the Nation developing in it a moral sense which has responded with indignation to the wrongs perpetrated by the Predatory Potsdam Gang and with eager offerings of aid to the needs of suffering European peoples?

Once a week something like half the people of the Nation have gathered in their churches to worship God and to listen to the teachings based upon the Bible. The forms of the worship and the interpretations of the Bible have differed in the different churches; but in them all there has been the recognition of an Unseen Ruler, Companion, Friend. In them all there has been presented to the hearers the religion of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and in them all the life of Jesus of Nazareth has been portrayed as an ideal to be revered and to be followed. A great deal else has been taught; but in all these churches—Roman Catholic and Protestant, Calvinistic and Methodist, Conservative and Liberal—this sense of the Invisible Presence has been cultivated, moral lessons have been inculcated, and an ideal of life and character has been furnished. The moral lessons have included such elemental truths as man's obligation to respect the fundamental rights of his fellow-man to his life, his property, his family, and his reputation; the ideals have included such elemental qualities of character as purity, mercy, generosity, service, self-sacrifice; and in varying forms but with practical unanimity these ideals have been preached as characteristic of the Invisible Presence, the Ruler, the Companion, the Friend; he has been presented to the congregations as a God of purity, mercy, generosity, and self-sacrifice, and because he has these qualities we have been called on to revere him and to seek his companionship.

These simple elemental truths have not only been presented as themes in the pulpit, they have also been embodied in action outside the church walls. Societies without number have been organized, most of them inspired by the ministers of the Church, to carry out these principles and this spirit in the activities of the community. When our income tax blanks were sent to us last January, we were told to put down upon them a list of the philanthropic societies to which we had contributed during the previous year, and there were left two lines which were intended to contain this list. I wondered where the clerk had lived who prepared that blank. My list included thirty-nine such societies, and there were at least three times that number to which I would gladly have been a subscriber had I possessed the means. And I am quite sure that there was nothing unusual in my experience.

Moreover, these moral principles embodied in the Bible and inculcated by the Church have come up for public discussion and practical application in our National life. Our National questions for the last hundred years have not been, what is it wise, but what is it right for the Nation to do. The slavery question, the temperance question, the educational question, the immigration question, the labor question, the silver question, the tariff question, are all moral questions; they all involve the public consideration of such fundamental questions as: What are the rights of persons, of property, of the family, of reputation? what is it to live justly and love mercy? and to many of us, what would Jesus Christ do if he were living in our day and were a member of our community? It is hardly too much to say that the fundamental principles inculcated by the Bible have been as much discussed by the newspapers and magazines and on the platform as in the pulpits. Though in the newspapers and on the platforms the Bible has not often been quoted, and the Church almost never, it is nevertheless true that the moral principles inculcated in the Bible and by the Church are the principles by which the people have tested the policies submitted to them for discussion and decision.

To this universal education, carried on ever since the foundation of our Union in 1787, we owe the fact that we have what Germany apparently lacks—a national conscience. That conscience may not recognize the authority of either the Bible or the Church; but from the Bible and the Church it has received education and derived its faith in the moral principles and the moral ideals which are embedded in the Nation's character and have done so much to determine the National life.

Thus when the elemental rights of man—the right to life, to property, to the family, and to reputation—were openly, flagrantly, defiantly violated by Germany, a morally instructed people were hot with indignation; and when the brave but almost despairing resistance of plundered peoples cried to us from across the sea for help, the sentiments of mercy, service, and self-sacrifice inspired in the Nation by the life and character of Jesus Christ, and by the lives of many of his followers, were ready to listen to the call and respond to the summons.

It is true that the Church has not always understood its function to supply these deeper springs of our National life and the power with which it is endowed to fulfill this function. It is true that it has often been diverted from this noble service by fruitless debates about ecclesiastical formularies and philosophical theories, that it has sometimes lacked the vision to see and the courage to apply the principles of the divine life to the needs of the time, that it has been sometimes deterred by its fears and sometimes corrupted by its prosperity; but nevertheless the debt which the Nation owes to the Church for the message which it has given is far too little recognized. The very greatness of the service often unconsciously rendered has prevented the appreciation of its value by the Nation.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

WAR-TIME HOSPITALITY

Hospitality is to-day acquiring a subtlety and a significance that would have been incomprehensible to our forebears. There was once a period when a home was run like a hostelry—doors open, table spread, for who might come, food and servants in plenty and in perfection at any one's need. When host and hostess suffered no personal inconvenience in dispensing bed and board, and guests suffered no compunctions in accepting both, invitations were as prolific as they were promiscuous. This happy historic day endured longer in some spots than in others. In England it lasted until the war, in Russia until the Revolution. Of English country houses one has an impression of guests who gather and disperse in various pursuits with small reference to the pursuits of their host. Of the Russian household one's mental picture is of a hospitality even more abandoned—a glittering concourse streaming through great *salons*, attended in their every need by obsequious domestics. It must have been a wise host who knew his own guest in the feudal days of Russia.

The war has changed all this, testing the sincerity and true motives of hospitality as of other practices. As servants disappear and food diminishes, how much is left in us of spontaneous welcome? Nowadays we look before we leap into an invitation, whether we are about to entertain or about to be entertained. Cooks are intermittent or non-existent, and their competence is often commensurate with their aversion to guests; they are exacting a tardy revenge on bygone ladies with their formula of "no followers," it is now the maid who enjoins upon the mistress "no company." When light and heat and service are in every home precarious privileges, it requires some temerity to ask a friend to share potential privations, as in like manner it requires some pondering on the friend's part before he becomes responsible for potential inconveniences.

But while the social upheaval through which we are living sometimes stops the wheels of our domestic machinery, it still oftener tosses to the surface treasures hitherto too deeply buried in custom to be appreciated. If hospitality is

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declining in quantity, it is to-day far finer in quality. Less and less is the true compliment of an invitation impaired by mere carelessness or mere convention. To-day nobody asks you to his house, and still more emphatically nobody asks you to her house, who does not want you. The meaning and the motive of hospitality are revealed as being the avowal of a desired intimacy. I want to know you better, I want to know you nearer, even if I do have to cook my own meals or feed my own furnace—that is the significance of an invitation to-day.

This very frankness may have results as fraught with peril as with pleasure. The exigencies of visiting to-day require a more unremitting practice of company manners, a much-despised term for one of the most serviceable conventions of human society. An invitation to visit is an audacious challenge to come in and discover and be discovered. By the protective courtesy of company manners two friends pretend to see in each other, voluntarily exposed as each is to the other's scrutiny, only what each wishes to be seen. The gods of friendship, knowing that we at one and the same time desire intimacy and dread it, whisper to us to put our best foot foremost when first we lead or are led into the secret and sacred precincts of a home.

The length of a visit is a subject which, alike in peace time as in war time, all students of hospitality should regard. The sojourn even of one's closest friend should be neither too long nor too short; it should avoid the breathless and exhausting compression of that pitiful invention of modern efficiency, the week-end stay, and equally eschew the Austenite duration belonging to days of forgotten leisure—or forgotten emptiness. We have no time nowadays to go visiting too much or too often, but still less have we time to lose the finest-flavored fruits of life, lest in hurried passage we should miss altogether the aroma of friendship and of hospitality. Strange that both friendship and hospitality become valueless as soon as we make a business of them, but so long as they remain a side issue and a half-stolen indulgence they are the most valuable by-products of existence.

It is by no means because their visits are so rare a privilege that our busiest friends are the ones we most desire as visitors, but because people who are almost—but never altogether—too busy to be friends make the best friends in the world. A visit should be long enough for that intercourse of souls which is eternal, but it should never be long enough for boredom, nor yet for that uneasiness we all feel when we are too long away from our normal occupation—that occupation which, however much it separates us from our friends, still is exactly what makes us desirable. That occupation, by our choice and practice of it, whether it be home-making or dress-making or essay-making, determines in us just those idiosyncrasies that other people may wish to pounce upon and enjoy. Because the war has made us all busier people than ever it has made hospitality more holy, it has made us more discriminating in selecting time and place and person, so that a visit may yield its one authentic result, closer comradeship. In the careless days gone by a desired intimacy was none too often the motive of hospitality; to-day it has become almost the only motive. Mutual revelation is a practice as perilous as precious, so that it is well that we safeguard our steps into intimacy with that protection, homely in word as in wisdom, known as company manners.

All this is to take visiting too seriously, too subtly? A bouncing externality, rubber in quality and in resilience, is an easier form of contact? But the people who take the sacred rite of hospitality thus heedlessly are not worth visiting, nor worthy of being invited. They incur no perils of abrasion, possessing no delicate reserves to be abraded. They do not conceive homes as holy places, not to be lightly opened nor lightly entered, shrines made more sacred to-day by the menace of tragedy. They do not appreciate the exquisite revelations of a home with all its beauty spread wide and warm. They do not understand the light in comrade eyes, which above all disclosures, tragic, pathetic, comic, meet with the imperishable twinkle of perfect understanding, fearless forever of all intimacy. For the best thing about company manners is the knowledge that one may drop them. They are the film of formality that enhances the romance of reserve only that when withdrawn it may enhance the romance of exploration.

MUSIC FOR THE SOLDIERS

OUR readers may recall the article entitled "Music for the Soldiers" (in the issue of The Outlook for July 24), in which is described in some detail the work of Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Rouland in collecting musical instruments for the boys in the service. Readers of The Outlook, it is pleasant to report, have generously responded to this article in a way that has greatly cheered Mr. and Mrs. Rouland in their work. Owing to the absence in this plan of the red tape which so often hampers a highly organized association, Mr. and Mrs. Rouland are able to give to their work a distinctly human quality. Their direct contact with the boys makes this possible, as requests for instruments are usually made in person at the studio, and the men are therefore not only supplied with the banjo or mandolin that they want, but they are made aware of the really personal interest that is taken in them and in their welfare.

What is felt by the donors of the various instruments may perhaps be best illustrated by quotations from some of the letters which have come to Mr. and Mrs. Rouland, many of them from readers of The Outlook. These letters bear the postmarks of cities and towns all over the country, and they show the joy that is found in giving, and in trying to brighten in some degree the spare moments which the boys have. They speak most eloquently for themselves.

One donor of a banjo writes, "To the Soldier or Sailor who Receives this Banjo:"

> I am glad to have you get this banjo, and hope that you will enjoy it as much as did my brother, to whom it belonged. He was a civil engineer, and died in the West ten years ago. I'm sure he would desire no better use to be made of it than that you should have it. . . . I hope its music will give you some pleasure, and its spirit of the fine boy who owned it will be a safeguard.

Another letter asks, "Can you use in your work of collecting musical instruments for men in the service a good, though old, clarinet? My husband, who died last month, used it in college, Harvard, '71, as a member of the Pierian Sodality." An old guitar is offered to Mrs. Rouland with the statement that "it was the property of a happy girl, now too old to do much for our dear boys, but whose heart is still young. I pray that the spirit of the happy times I have played on that instrument may still hover around and inspire the boy to 'knock off' happy tunes." A fife is sent by a man who failed to find one among the instruments shown in the photograph published in connection with the article above referred to.

Then there is the guitar which "isn't just an 'ordinary' guitar—to use as merely an accompaniment—but quite a wonderful instrument, made to order years ago and given to me during a year I once spent on crutches."

From a resident of a New England State comes the offer of two flutes. He says:

> One of these is a Meyer, which in its day was considered one of the best made. My nephew, who died in 1882 at the age of twenty-one, bought it of the flutist of the American Band, Providence, Rhode Island. This nephew was one of the finest players on the flute for an amateur that I ever heard. . . . So, you see, there are hallowed memories connected with this flute.

The boy, however, who gets the banjo donated by the writer of the letter quoted below should be able to play such jigs as would set all his hearers' heels a-kicking:

> I am sending my "li'l' ole" banjo. I wish it were a finer one; but perhaps it may be fairly good when it is put in shape.
>
> I can only hope that it will carry with it just an echo of the good times it has had a share in.

Nor are letters of appreciation from the recipients of these instruments lacking. The commanding officer of one of the hospital ships which was supplied with musical instruments writes to Mrs. Rouland as follows: "You are engaged in a

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wonderful work, and it is much appreciated by all of us." And from another ship this letter was received:

> Your great kindness and promptness in sending the Victrola and records to us are deeply appreciated, as are the other musical instruments so generously sent. They will add much to the pleasure and amusement of the crew during our many days at sea. The knowledge that such cordial and warm feelings can find expression in such gifts makes us realize more and more that the fraternal feeling is reaching out very strong arms.

One of the first musical organizations to go to France was the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth United States Infantry Band. The helicon player of the band writes that "the band is on the job every minute, and is doing fine work." He says further that "the demand for music is increasing all the time." He had no idea when he enlisted that music performed such an important part in the modern army.

An interesting account of a concert given by one of the bands equipped through the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Rouland is contained in a letter from the solo cornetist of the band. He says that they played to "those two hundred and fifty Italian soldiers who escaped Russian imprisonment. They fled to China, and made their way to camp—via China to Japan, Japan to San Francisco." They are to remain at the camp only a few days, for they are about ready to sail to fight again for Italy.

Rather humorous is the letter in which the writer expresses the appreciation of his squadron on receiving the instruments which made their long-dreamed-of band a reality. He goes on to say: "If you could have seen the joy it has created, or could hear the noise they make in practicing, you would realize how deeply grateful we all are to those whose generosity and kindness have added such a pleasure to our life."

And evidence is not wanting to show that this well-planned work of Mr. and Mrs. Rouland has received the approval of our Government officials, as the following letter addressed to Mr. Rouland will testify:

> My attention has been called to the war work which you and Mrs. Rouland have been doing. As I understand it, you have been collecting unused and idle musical instruments from all parts of the country by voluntary gift and supplying them to cantonments, base hospitals, Army and Navy barracks, transports, etc., to enable our soldiers and sailors to form musical combinations and entertain themselves with instrumental music. I understand that you are making no appeal for funds, and, beyond advertising your willingness to be the medium of placing such instruments as may be given you in the hands of soldiers and sailors, are not otherwise appealing to the public. This seems to me very attractive, cheering, and useful war work, and I am very happy to have your co-operation in behalf of the soldiers who are helped and made happy by it.
>
> NEWTON D. BAKER,
> Secretary of War.

Those who wish to send musical instruments for this admirable work may send them, carrying charges prepaid, to Orlando Rouland, 130 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

FRANCE HURRAHS FOR AMERICA

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN FRANCE

THIS is what called my attention to Dr. Maynard Ladd and his phenomenal work for the civil population of the invaded eastern part of France:

SERVICES D'ASSISTANCE[1]
Organisés en Meurthe-et-Moselle
Par les
ÉTATS-UNIS

DÉLIBÉRATION DU CONSEIL GÉNÉRAL
Séance du 23 avril 1918.

Le Conseil général, après avoir pris connaissance du rapport de M. le Préfet exposant les nombreux services rendus à la population civile de Meurthe-et-Moselle par la Croix-Rouge américaine et par l'American Fund for French Wounded, notamment par l'organisation à la caserne de Luxembourg d'un asile de réfugiés, d'un hôpital des enfants et d'une maternité départementale et par la création dans de nombreux centres ouvriers de dispensaires et consultations pour femmes et enfants, et la plupart de ses membres ayant visité avec le plus grand intérêt l'organisation parfaite des services installés à la caserne de Luxembourg et s'étant rendu compte avec émotion de l'œuvre entreprise par la Croix-Rouge américaine, charge M. le Préfet de présenter à M. le Dr. Maynard Ladd et à tous ses collaborateurs et collaboratrices ses sentiments de profonde gratitude et de leur exprimer combien il est touché des soins aussi compétents que dévoués prodigués par eux aux femmes et enfants de Lorraine.

[1] PHILANTHROPIC WORK ORGANIZED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MEURTHE-ET-MOSELLE BY THE UNITED STATES

RESOLUTION OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL ADOPTED AT ITS MEETING ON April 23, 1918

The General Council, having read the report of the Prefect of the Department narrating numerous services rendered to the civil population of the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle by the American Red Cross and the American Fund for French Wounded, especially in the organization at the Luxembourg barracks of a home for refugees, and of a departmental hospital for mothers and babies, and in the establishment in many workingmen's neighborhoods of dispensaries and clinics for women and children, and the majority of the members of the Council having visited with the greatest interest the remarkable organizations for civil aid installed in the Luxembourg barracks, and having inspected with deep appreciation the work undertaken by the American Red Cross, the Council requests the Prefect to offer to Dr. Maynard Ladd and all the men and women who are aiding him an expression of the profound gratitude of the Council, and to say to Dr. Ladd and his colleagues how much the Council is touched by the care, as competent as it is devoted, which they have lavished upon the women and children of Lorraine.

Although France recognizes the tremendous services noncombatant Americans are rendering to France, it is not often that one comes across official documents such as the foregoing. Hence I wanted to know more about Dr. Maynard Ladd and his work. But not much can be gleaned from the doctor himself; he is shy and by no means loquacious. To get at the facts it is necessary either to interrogate the French people of the territory adjacent to Toul or to catch one of his co-laborers or associates off guard and get the story by guile. But no one can help liking Dr. Ladd—he has heart as well as brain. He and an associate stood listening to an American woman doctor who was reporting to headquarters after a vigorous day's work in the munition-factory district. She had at least fifty requests, and all seemed urgent: tonsils to be removed immediately from eight children, a new plaster cast for a boy, a wheeled chair for a paralytic, milk and egg orders for a few tuberculars, a limb to be reset, five children (all from the same family) to be brought to the hospital for various and unpronounceable maladies, rare drugs for dispensary use to be cajoled from the stores department. Well, I forget many of the requests. The associate doctor demurred here, saw difficulties there, objected to exceptions being made in this or the other case, but in every instance Dr. Ladd would say, "Yes, we must do it; we will take care of it some way," and straightway gave the order the woman doctor requested. His manner was quiet always, but always full of a spirit which seemed to say: "We must see this thing through to the limit—that is why we are here."

In the course of three days of desultory conversation and by means of many subtle and indirect invitations to self-revelation I managed to get from Dr. Ladd what lies behind his work, the big compelling motive, the driving purpose. It is this: Dr. Ladd wants to win the war, and the war cannot be won if the civil morale sags and collapses. How intimately civil and military morale are connected psychology cannot tell by purely scientific processes; the intricacies of sympathy are much more certain. Every American can realize how cheerful, confident letters from home must hearten our boys who are facing grim reality for the first time in a strange land. That is why any unnecessary delay in the mail service is both a military blunder and a moral crime. But here in France and with the French

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people the bond is shorter, more direct, and infinitely more vital. I am told that the French military authorities keep the fighting units in their own home region as much as possible. Let us think it out on that line.

Here, in this eastern part of France, there is a terrible belt of destruction fringing the front line. Thousands of homes have been blasted to powder, thousands of farms are in enemy hands or are lying sterile because they are in the shell zone, and tens of thousands of people—old men, women, and children—are not only homeless, but are virtually expatriated. I know that patriotism extends to France as a whole; her people idolize her, they would die for her; but France to the French means their own habitat primarily and principally. Very few Americans at the age of forty-five are living in the house in which they were born, or in the same township, county, or State. But the French people rarely move away from the ancestral site; their eyes look upon the same landscape their forebears saw for countless generations; they are rooted in the locality, the valley or hillside, the very village or hamlet. Now all that they have known of life has been destroyed, blasted, outraged. If they ever go back, it is to a desolation—irrecognizable, irresponsive. Thousands of the men are dead, thousands more are crippled and incapacitated. The old folks, the women, and the children have been evacuated; they are aliens and among alien people, although the people are of the same race. To move from the Beaumont ridge to anywhere south of Toul, for instance—a mere matter of twenty miles—is infinitely more of a jump than for a New Yorker or a Pennsylvanian to go to California or Oregon. But still more thousands of the men are with the colors—fighting doggedly after four years of brutal warfare. And their loved ones—fathers, mothers, wives, children—what has become of them? If they are destitute, homeless, friendless, how can the men fight? How can they keep on fighting with hearts that are an amalgam of lead and ice?

The American Fund for French Wounded was the first to sense and grapple with the situation. And the motive was an instinctive pity. In this case certainly those brilliant and indefatigable women, led by Mrs. Lathrop, builded better than they knew. And Americans must not forget that, although the A. F. F. W. is now a part of the Red Cross, it is still also a separate unit and an entity, wearing its own badge, having its own headquarters, and carrying on its spirited and splendid work within and in conjunction with the Red Cross. Well, the American Fund for French Wounded first saw the desperate situation in northeastern France and began the work for the refugees. When the American Red Cross—of which Dr. Ladd is the leader in the Toul region—began to co-operate with the A. F. F. W., the task not only broadened in scope, but it took on military significance and importance.

For the fighting men of France to know that their dear ones are having all the attention that science and sympathy can give them is to renew perpetually the courage of their hearts and the strength of their arms. They fight now for a future as well as a past, for their personal idols as well as for their national ideals. Dr. Ladd sees that and feels it, and he is working for an Allied victory.

Above the city of Toul, looking across its thickly clustered roofs and beyond the two noble towers of the Cathedral, is the great Luxembourg Red Cross Hospital. It is more than a hospital; it is a maternity home, an orphanage, a big school, a social settlement, a medical center from which radiate nearly twoscore base dispensaries with their satellites or minor dispensaries, a headquarters for visiting nurses who go into the homes of a hundred surrounding villages and towns, a source of inspiration for thousands of devitalized workers in the munition factories, a storehouse for tons and tons of garments to be given to the destitute, a Pool of Bethesda to which the lame and the halt and the blind and the diseased wend their way from a territory with a radius of not less than twenty miles. These, and a score of others, are the things which Dr. Ladd's Luxembourg Red Cross Hospital is doing all the while.

I am afraid to try to give statistics because they are confusing and they expand with every day. I saw about five hundred children—all refugees—there early in July, and they are permanent inmates. They are fed, clothed, taught, treated for their ailments, encouraged to sing, to play, and to be happy. There were numerous women about to become mothers, and mothers with their entire brood about them, and infirm women who would have been utterly homeless if the Luxembourg had not become a home to them. Altogether there were seven hundred inmates, not counting the casuals who came day by day to the hospital or infirmary for treatment. And every one in the place seemed to be happy. Possibly there was a shade of sadness in the eyes of the adults, but the children were radiantly and vocally happy.

Yet this is only the center of what is being undertaken. As a sample of the outlying work we may take Lunéville. To reach it I had to go through the shell zone again—a scarred, torn, and ravaged region. We covered the dangerous ground between attacks. Lunéville was occupied by the Germans in 1914 for several weeks, and many evidences of their primeval manners remain stamped upon the place. In the dispensary five hundred patients are treated each week, food and clothing are distributed from several points, tuberculosis is being fought scientifically and persistently. Besides doing all this, Mrs. Dickson, of the American Fund for French Wounded, keeps a kind of Wayside Inn for American soldiers who chance to be in the town. Similar work is being done in Nancy, where more than ten thousand treatments have been given to the most needy cases. Thus American men and women are weaving a softer thread into the grim tapestry of French history. More than a million of our fighting men are in the country—resolute and invincible men who will finally save France and civilization from the fiendish domination of the Hun. All the world will record the great deliverance. But France will always cherish with the tenderest affection the way in which our non-combatants have spared no money, thought, or effort in healing the awful wounds of this stricken land. The American Red Cross and the American Fund for French Wounded are re-enacting on a gigantic and glorious scale the story of the Good Samaritan.

In witness of this, I can never forget the solemn High Mass celebrated in the Cathedral of Nancy on the Fourth of July to express to Almighty God the appreciation of France for America's entrance into the war. No city in the world has a nobler civic center than Nancy. The Place Stanislas is the perfection of public architecture. Its dignified buildings, its gilded gates, its central statue of King Stanislas, its approach to one side leading from the massive palace and its egress from the other leading to the hoary Cathedral, put to shame the very best we have contrived in city planning or building. And in the Cathedral on the morning of the Fourth we entered anew into the spiritual significance of America among the nations. It was not the decorations, although they were pregnant with meaning. The Stars and Stripes were draped everywhere, even upon the high altar. Flanking the altar on either side, hung high upon the clustered columns separating the nave from the choir, were two inscriptions under a stand of American flags: "July 4, 1776," and "April 6, 1917." French insight had coupled the two divine dates in our history—the first when America began to be and the second when America saved herself by saving the world. And the whole service was keyed to celebrate America's saviorhood. Something exalting, inspiring, purifying, seemed to breathe through the Cathedral. Unfamiliar as were the forms and accessories, they appeared to emphasize rather than to weaken the *motif*—candles, bells, incense, chalice, the elevation of the Host, the postures of the priests, the glorious voice of the choir in chant and Te Deum, the majesty of the great organ over the west entrance—all were in a rich conspiracy to thank God that the sister Republic across the seas had come to rescue France from the soulless dragon which sought to ravish her. As I sat close to the good and brave Prefect Mirman, I felt proud of France and, oh, so proud of America!

Then came the address of the day. Father Gény, the famous and eloquent Jesuit, spoke in a voice so rich in modulations, so confident, and so triumphant that we were thrilled. In profile his features were like those of Savonarola—aquiline nose, retreating forehead, thin but mobile lips, and a sensitive chin. I give the address verbatim, as it was translated by Miss Brent,

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the sculptor, now the representative of the American Fund for French Wounded in Nancy:

"Habebitis autem hanc diem in monimentum et celebrabitis eam solemnem Domina in generationibus vestris cultu sempiterno. (Exode xii. 14.)[1]

"In the life of all peoples there are memorable days that have profoundly modified their existence. One would like always to remember them, but man is so forgetful! To correct the shortness of his memory he institutes feasts which shall recall to future generations the great events in the history of his country. God himself so ordained it. He led his chosen people by the hand and ordered them to commemorate by a yearly feast their exodus from the land of Egypt which delivered them from a long and hard slavery.

"You, gentlemen, celebrate on the Fourth of July the anniversary of the proclamation of independence of your great Republic. It is not yet a century and a half old, but how great already is its power, and what a place it already occupies in the world! Who, therefore, could deny your right to be proud of it and to celebrate with rejoicing this great National holiday?

"But a people who believe in God cannot celebrate a feast without thinking of the Master, of him who reigns in heaven and from whom come the empires of the world. Instinctively, in joy as well as sorrow, they turn with humble thanks towards the Sovereign Arbiter of the destiny of nations. And that is right from the moment that you grant to God the place that is his in your thoughts—I mean the first place.

"God, in truth, is not an insignificant being, a negligible quantity, with whom man need not reckon; he is the Creator of heaven and earth, by whom all things are made and without whom nothing can exist. According to one of your illustrious scientists, Edison, he is the greatest engineer of the world and all its creatures; from the most lowly insect to the most radiant star, all sing, to whomsoever will hear, the hymn of his power and wisdom. After the creation God did not withdraw himself to the inaccessible depths of his heavens, like a selfish Buddha; but, full of an overflowing goodness and an infinite love, he watches with a careful eye the atom which is the work of his hands; he clothes the flower in grace and beauty, he pours into its chalice honey and perfume, he gives to the humming-bird the food necessary to its life. And when it comes to his most favored creature, made in his own image and likeness, he bends toward him with a paternal love which we cannot fathom, and in which some will not believe, to lead him, if he is willing, by paths chosen by him to the happy ending his bounty has provided.

"Mindful of the destinies of the individual, God, who made man sociable, cannot be unmindful of the destiny of nations. They seem at times, it is true, given over to their caprices and spirit of madness. In reality, God is watching over them, and he leads them in their paths; and it is the triumph of his infinite power that, while leaving to humanity the full play of its liberty, he remains absolute Master of events and directs them towards the end he has determined, and which can be at the last but for their greater glory.

"You know all of this, you believe all of this, since you are Christians, and since these truths are demonstrated by reason alone; and it is because you believe that God has his place, the first place, in all your National feasts, as in your patriotic manifestations.

"I will bring to bear here only the most recent proofs: first, the words of your illustrious President asking that the day of the 30th of May, devoted each year to the memory of those who died in the war of secession, should be this year also a day of National prayer for the United States:

"'I exhort my fellow-citizens, regardless of their religious beliefs and opinions, to assemble on this memorable day in the temples and churches, and there, as well as in their homes, to pray to God Almighty to pardon our faults and to forgive our sins;

"'That he may purify our hearts, that he may see only love and justice; that he may accept and defend all that is just and good, that he may keep us in the right path, according to his wish.

"'That they shall pray to God to grant victory to our armies fighting for liberty; wisdom to those who govern us in these days of struggle and perplexity; strength to our people, that they may make all sacrifices to help the cause of right and justice, bringing us at last a peace founded on justice and right.'

"In the second place, echoing these grave words of President Wilson, the proclamation of General Pershing to the American Expeditionary Force in France:

"'Hardships will be your share, but your confidence in God will comfort you; you will be tempted, but the teachings of Christ will give you strength. Let your courage as soldiers and your conduct as men be an inspiration to your comrades and a credit to your country.'

"The religious ceremony at which you are assisting follows naturally upon such words.

"Before rejoicing with you we must pray with you and for you. We have been very glad to decorate our houses, to mingle in our streets our three colors with the stars of your flag, to symbolize the union of your and our soldiers fighting hand in hand on the battlefield. But it has seemed to us that this is not enough, and since you are thanking God for this joyful anniversary, and since you are praying to the Lord of Hosts for the success of your arms, was it not necessary that we too should be near you before his altar to add our thanks to yours, to pray with you to God who gives victory, to bless your arms, and thus to show you the deep and profound sympathy we feel for you? This union in prayer in the most intimate depths of the soul, in the presence of Him who sees into the bottom of the heart, can but unite more closely two great peoples, already united in the past, but more than ever to-day, to obtain the reign of justice and liberty in international relations. From the formal declarations of the head of your Government, this, in truth, is the cause for which you are fighting, and this cause is wonderfully fine and beautiful. Ancient history tells of a chief of Gaul who after pillaging Rome beseiged the Capitol. His assaults were repulsed, but a pitiless blockade got the better of the enemy. The Gauls promised to withdraw on condition that the vanquished pay one thousand pounds in gold. The tribune Sulpicius brings the required sum. While they are weighing it a disagreement arises; the Romans pretend that the victor is using false weights. Throwing his heavy sword into the balance, the chief of the Gauls exclaims: '*Væ Victis.*'

"Your action in coming into this terrible war is the antithesis of this barbarous saying which affirms the brutal triumph of strength.

"Instead of remaining simply spectators of the combats which were taking place far from you across the Atlantic, you asked yourselves on which side were right and justice. Then, making a carefully considered decision, you too have thrown your heavy sword into the balance. I mean your millions of soldiers, determined to win, your wealth by hundreds of millions, your industrial and economic strength, your tenacity and energy, your spirit of organization and method, your inexhaustible generosity whenever it comes to relieving suffering, and you said: 'Honor to right and liberty.'

"Therefore, gentlemen, as God is the immovable champion of justice and liberty, he will be with you, and it is he who will give us victory. Let us ask it of him humbly, he will hear us."

The service closed with our National anthem upon the organ, the entire audience—American soldiers and civilians, French soldiers and civilians—all standing at attention.

No one over here can possibly doubt the attitude of France. It is more than appreciation of our effort, more than gratitude for the outpouring of men and wealth, more than wonder at our skill and thoroughness; it is a tearful and humble but joyous reverence that God has given us the spiritual chivalry to enter the lists and smash the black-hearted beast.

July 8, 1918.

[1] Translation (Douay version):
"And this day shall be for a memorial to you: and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord in your generations with an everlasting observance."

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THE MOTHER

BY PERCY WAXMAN

Each day you live
Means one day more of life to her.
Each thought you give
Means more than honors can confer.
Each letter sent
Brings her a joy that floods her heart
With sweet content,
And makes her proud to do her part;
But, oh! the skies
Are black if death should claim you, son,
For mother dies
Ten thousand deaths when you die one.

THE CRUISE OF THE SHIDZUOKA

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

THE Shidzuoka Maru left Shanghai on May 10 for Liverpool via the Cape of Good Hope—a voyage of some fifteen thousand miles, rarely taken by passenger liners from the day when the Suez Canal was opened until the submarines of Germany began making the Mediterranean unsafe. In these times the Shidzuoka Maru (Maru means steamship in Japanese) and all the other passenger boats of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha's European service go and come between Japan and England via the ports of South Africa.

When the ship left Shanghai, most of her passengers were Japanese business men bound for Singapore, where the Japanese colony has multiplied by ten within the past decade or two, and where the Japanese now have important and valuable interests. The whole steerage was filled with Japanese families, who made the ship bright with their kimonos, and with the little potted trees which all their kind love, and which were brought out on deck every day to get the sun and rain.

Between Shanghai and the Yangtse River the water of the Whangpoo River is as yellow as that of the larger stream. This color is by no means unpleasant, however, for it is a rather clean buff, not a dirty mud color, and when the shadow of a cloud falls across it you have a color scheme in striking blue and yellow. From where the Whangpoo joins it to its mouth the Yangtse is so broad that one shore is only faintly visible from the other. Both rivers are full of junks, and if there is any more romantic craft I have yet to see it. Low in the waist, high in the bow, and highest in the absurd towering poop, they are built much like the old Spanish galleons and like the caravels of Columbus. There are no two junks just alike, for when it comes to rigging them and to deciding the cut and trim of the sails the individual owner seems to express his individual taste. There is a small mast high in the bow, and leaning forward so that it hangs over the water like a falling tree. In the waist there is the mainmast, which carries a huge sail, and usually there is a second small mast perched ridiculously at the top of the cliff which is the stern. Some of the sails are triangular, some are square, some are quadrilateral, like a schooner's sails, with quite a pronounced "peak," and some are somewhere between these shapes. In Japan the color of these junk sails is usually a gray or dirty white, but in China it is from ripe yellow to rich, deep chocolate brown. The latter color is commonest, and is a vivid sensation for the eye when seen against the yellow river water or against the deep tropical blue of the seas farther south than Shanghai.

The sight of a junk beating to windward awakens derision at first; it suggests trying to beat to windward in a huge wooden shoe; but somehow the junk gets there. Indeed, it is surprising how smartly she can come about when tacking. Then there is something of a thrill in the spectacle of sudden animation on the huge unwieldy craft—Chinamen running around like pirates about to scuttle their ship, the little sampan swinging under the revolving stern, and the sun glinting on the brown sails as they flap stiffly in the wind on their many interlaced spars of bamboo. Usually there is a brown woman cooking a meal on a little stove at the stern, and three or four cats and dogs leaping about.

We had splendid weather from Shanghai to Hongkong. Bright days with a good breeze, but not a bit of sea running. It would have taken a good deal of sea to make the vessel roll, as we afterwards found out, for she was loaded to the limit and moved with the gravity of a steamer twice her size. Most of the cargo was destined for Liverpool. On the second morning out we awoke to find ourselves in the tropics, flying-fishes skimming about, and the water that deep indigo which it never attains in the north. That is, it is indigo where it is deep, but in the shallows it is a light, clean green, much clearer than northern water. When, off Hongkong, the long, slim pilot boat, just such as they use in the West Indies, came slashing up to us with four Chinese rowing, I could see her keel and rudder silhouetted through the green water. This is the sort of water you want to dive into and lap up in great gulps. It looks so clean, cool, and healthful.

All the way down from Shanghai the coast of China was visible at frequent intervals, sharp, rocky peaks jutting up in the west. We passed through the Formosan Channel, but too far off to sight Formosa. Hongkong is entered through a tortuous passage between high, barren hills. The view would be very attractive if the hills were wooded, but it is said that there has been no timber on them since the Chinese cleaned it off hundreds of years ago. Quite a bit of a distance in lies Hongkong, a city on a side hill so steep that the effect is of a city carved on a wall—your eye catches only the one dimension, height. The buildings all seemed fine and large, with row above row of empty, gaping apertures, which give the structures the effect of having been gutted by fire or bombardment. These false fronts are merely a series of balconies, one above the other, with a façade of arches which keep the sun from reaching the real windows, which are several feet back of them. From the water-front up there are several rows of these buildings, one above the other, and then higher are groups of them, thinning, until at the top there are only stragglers. But these higher ones are fine old residences.

The harbor was alive with shipping—steamers from all over the world and innumerable junks. There were two camouflaged steamers—that is, boats painted in a fantastic fashion calculated to confuse the eye of one who might fire to sink them. They looked exactly like cubist nightmares, being daubed with circles, triangles, parallelograms, and all the shapes of geometry in various colors. Hundreds of sampans swarmed about, offering to take people ashore or sell various wares. These sampans are different from those of North China and Japan, being built on the lines of a racy pilot boat. They are very seaworthy.

With a young Englishman I went ashore and took the "Peak Railroad" to the "Peak." This is a most horrifying trip, for the car is hauled up the face of the hill or cliff by a cable at a tremendously steep angle. You feel like a fly walking up a wall. But the view at the top is worth the palpitation of the heart which the climb gives you. From the top you can see groups of small hilly islands scattered about the sea. They are shaped much like ice-cream cones, and suggest a volcanic origin. It is a sort of Sinbad-the-Sailor archipelago, and there is somehow something Spanish about it—at least in the tropical luxuriance of the view, for on these hills the British have planted trees and shrubs and grasses and flowers. Some of the higher hills were tipped with mist, and here and there through a rift was a vista of blue sky or saffron cloud. The walks were filled with well-dressed, comfortable English people, especially English

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kiddies with big summer helmets on their small heads, and Chinese *amahs* attending them. Two little girls with big, serious eyes approached us, and the smaller said:

"I hurt my knees."

Both her knees were scarred, but when we suggested that she bind them, or one of them, with a handkerchief, she said again and again, "It's my *new* handkerchief, it's my *new* handkerchief." She showed us a little handkerchief which was embroidered, and which she evidently thought was too precious to use as a bandage. The Chinese *amah* seemed to take the tragedy very lightly, but the big blue eyes of the two little girls were still wistful when we walked on.

Along the tops of the hills were some splendid houses, red-roofed and wide-verandaed, with plenty of tall windows. There was ivy on the walls, and always a patch of well-kept lawn. The English succeed wonderfully at transplanting England wherever they go.

The whole aspect of Hongkong suggests ease and comfort, almost luxury. All the foreigners seem to be well-to-do and to have very few worries. It is not so gay as Shanghai, but much more attractive. It has the usual charm of the tropics. At night it is beautiful from the harbor. The lower city is a mass of lights, and other lights are strung all the way to the top of the hill and along the crest, as if on wires, somewhat suggesting lower New York by night. The "Peak" is 1,305 feet high at the end of the railway, but some of the highest shoulders must be nearly eighteen hundred feet above the sea.

After returning to the ship we amused ourselves watching life aboard the junks which were transferring cargo to our steamer. Now I could appreciate the usefulness of the clumsy high stern, for it is in this part of the ship that the coolie crews and their families live. A girl of about twelve was getting supper for six coolies and several women and children. There was a huge bucket of rice, and also a kind of soup, fish, and a green vegetable. Apparently they were living rather well. The ship's cat was tied to the leg of a stool, for a cat has no sense of home, and would no doubt climb off the junk to any more attractive vessel which happened to be alongside. But the little white cur of a dog was allowed to go untied until he made himself a nuisance getting between people's legs and poking his nose into the food. Then a boy picked him up and carried him the length of the ship, first by two fore legs, and then by one alone. Finally he took the dog into the hold and tied him to a stanchion. The dog knew all along that he was being punished, but he pretended not to understand what was happening, and showed the greatest interest in everything the boy did, as if he believed that it was all a novel ceremony arranged in his honor. In other words, aboard that junk he had evidently learned to make the best of everything, and when finally tied he barked with joyous defiance and wagged his tail with the most quizzical look at the boy. All this time the miserable cat was mewing plaintively; but there was a lot of character, almost human character, in that cur.

The Shidzuoka Maru was crowded with passengers, several having to sleep on sofas and others on deck. And yet, although few got off at Hongkong, several new ones came aboard.

On such still, hot days as we had from Shanghai to Penang the best hour is just before or just after sunset. As it grows dark it gets just faintly cooler and people begin to walk about the ship a little, most of them having dozed in deck chairs all day. It gets still darker, and a big star comes out right above the foremast. The man on the bridge lights a cigarette contentedly, for now he has "a tall ship and a star to steer her by." An even fringe of white foam clings to the ship from end to end and hisses in a soft, steady, sleepy hiss. It is a sound something like the faint rustle of slush ice on a spring morning when the tide begins to move. A straight furrow runs off the ship diagonally from each bow, the shadow in it from the faint moon making it seem deeper. Except for that soft, steady hiss overside there is no sound unless you go back to the stern, where the wake is roaring unevenly. There is always heat lightning behind a cloud bank in one quarter or another. It was hard to distinguish some of these flashes from the lighthouses which we passed approaching Singapore and going up the Straits of Malacca.

We were six days from Hongkong to Singapore. I think it was on the afternoon of the fourth that we saw a small hill to starboard. We had lifted the coast of Cochin China.

Nearer to Singapore we saw several sea snakes wriggling in the foam about the ship's bows. They were three or four feet long and very slender. There were rather few sea-birds about us, but quantities of flying-fishes, some slate-color, others with beautiful yellow and brown wings like a butterfly.

All these seas from Shanghai to Aden are tinged with romance. Sinbad the Sailor sailed these seas, and so did the strange and vivid men of Joseph Conrad's fancy. In these waters the hero of "Youth" first saw the face of the East. Here Lord Jim fought his fate and Axel Heist learned too late "to hope, to love, and to put his trust in life." Over this quivering blue jelly in a dead calm "The Shadow Line" was crossed, and on these waters, grown ungovernable, "The Typhoon" was beaten by a man whose strength was not marred by imagination.

Singapore is just typical tropics; there is nothing very distinctive about it. There were, however, in the harbor, a lot of ketches—rather an unusual rig to the American eye. The ketch is a two-masted vessel somewhere between a two-masted schooner and a yawl. The main or rear mast is smaller than the foremast, but is not so small as the "jigger" mast of the yawl. These ketches are used for trading in the archipelagoes lying about the Malay Peninsula. Singapore, in respect to the number of vessels entering and clearing annually, is the seventh port of the world. It is the gateway to the Far East for ships coming from India, Africa, or from Europe via Suez. There is an interesting mixture of races in Singapore. The native Malays are outnumbered by the Chinese, who have intrenched themselves in trade, as they have throughout the East Indies. The Chinese millionaire is very conspicuous rolling about Singapore or Penang in his limousine. The native Malays are lazy, and most of the hard labor is done by the Tamils. The Tamils long ago were driven from the north to the south of India by the warlike tribes of the north, and later began emigrating to the Malay Peninsula. They are as black as African Negroes, but do not have the flat noses, thick lips, and kinky hair of the Negro. They are inclined to be thin, especially in the legs. A traveler whose sight is struck by their thin shanks might judge them to be not very strong, but he would be wrong. They are much used for the hard labor on plantations.

The island of Penang is about four hundred miles up the west coast of the Peninsula from Singapore at the tip. It is about half a mile from the mainland. We steamed into Penang Harbor just as the sun was rising, when the water was as smooth as new ice. An indescribably sweet odor hung in the air, an odor which seemed to be the very essence of all sweet flowers, and which turned out to be mainly the scent of frangipani and allamanda. Most of the tropical flowers here, as elsewhere, have no smell, however. This includes the bougainvillea, the hibiscus, and the flame-of-the-forest—the fiery-red blossom of a tree as big as an elm. From a little distance you would swear the tree was afire. The residents of Penang are fond of the traveler palm, which looks like a lady's fan opened, and the streets of Penang are lined with the rain tree, a tree as big as a chestnut, but of thicker foliage, and with its trunk and branches covered with moss and ferns and festooned with vines. It was brought to the East from South America.

The heat in such places as Penang is annihilating. It is like a great weight on your head and shoulders. A young Englishman who was returning to Penang on our ship after three months' vacation in Japan was told by his friends that he was visibly fatter, while he told us that he could see they had grown thinner during his absence. In a few years a white man becomes a shadow in such places unless he takes frequent vacations to colder climates.

We were five days going from Penang to Colombo, first through the Straits of Malacca, with the coast of Sumatra off at the south bluishly mountainous like the coast of Jamaica then across the mouth of the Bay of Bengal. I liked Penang better than Singapore, and I liked Colombo better than Penang. Its attractiveness was increased by the fact that it contained many immigrants from the mainland of India, which is just across a narrow strip of water from Ceylon. These seemed a much more virile and more intellectual people than either the

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Singhalese or the Malays. The Chinese and Japanese in their westward expansion from the Far East have not yet penetrated Ceylon.

I have never seen a city where the beggars are as numerous and as annoying as in the cities of Ceylon. Even Peking and Vera Cruz are outclassed. But the street venders are more annoying than the beggars. If I had stayed in Colombo a week I am sure I should have killed a beggar or two and several peddlers. The stone houses and the stone walls along the roads of Colombo are beautifully discolored by the climate, just as they are in Yucatan, and there is that characteristic smell of the tropics—rather pleasant, I think—which seems to be compounded largely of the scent of hot, over-ripe vegetation.

It was predicted that the calm weather would be broken by the trade wind on the 24th or 25th of May, and on the 24th we got it. It always begins at about this time, and blows steadily from the southwest until some time in August, I am told. Then there are days of unsettled weather and typhoons, succeeded by the northeast monsoon, which blows steadily back for two months or so. All sailing ships in these waters plan their voyages with an eye to the trades.

After we had poked out of the artificial harbor of Colombo the monsoon disappeared for two days—an act quite contrary to form. The ocean became again like a thick, viscous blue jelly. You were surprised to find that the ship could cut through it. Then we remembered—

> "The Injun Ocean sets an' smiles
> So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue,
> There ain't a wave for miles an' miles
> Excep' the jiggle from the screw."

Some people like this smooth sailing, but I prefer the swash and sweep and buckle of it when there is a good sea running. Then you know you are at sea. We began to get some of this when we picked up the monsoon again.

We crossed the equator the second morning out of Colombo—that is, on May 30, at 8:40 A.M. There was no celebration except a toot on the whistle when we slid over the line. As we plowed on and on over that lonely course, never seeing another ship, the North Star dropped below the horizon and the Big Dipper threatened to dip into the ocean in the north. The Southern Cross climbed almost to the zenith. The sun was near its northern declination, and we soon found it no longer necessary to wear ducks. The makeup of the passenger list had entirely changed. Only two Japanese were left, and except for them and four Dutchmen, two Frenchmen, two Americans, and one Singhalese, all were British. There were five women on board, four of them going through to England. All the other captains of this line refuse to carry women, but plump, smiling little Captain Yamasaki makes an exception—that is, "if they are young," he says.

These seas, so deserted, were once the pathway for the brave old Portuguese navigators who sailed to India around the Cape of Good Hope in their little high-pooped ships, unwieldy in the clutch of wind and tide. What a glorious history has Portugal for a nation which never was big in the material foundation that makes Great Powers! What a people were the Portuguese in the days when their tiny ships went fearlessly out to the farthest corners of the farthest seas! For a whole century the Portuguese had virtually a monopoly of the African trade. The big castle still standing on Mozambique Island, on the east coast of Africa, is a monument to the tremendous energy and perseverance of the Portuguese seamen of those days. Each of the large stones used in the castle walls was brought out from Portugal, eight thousand miles away, in the frail little ships of that day.

No doubt there were times when Portugal seemed almost about to become one of the Great Powers of the world, capable of coping with any nation. To contemplate the position of Portugal then suggests comparisons with Japan to-day. Will Japan get into the select circle of the few Great Powers, or will Japan never be more than what Portugal was then—a great small nation?

A week out from Colombo we sighted two small islands like cones, and then a bigger island, Mauritius. England took Mauritius from France in the Napoleonic wars, but promised to permit the continuance of French as an officially recognized language, and French is still spoken in Mauritius. The next morning we raised the French island of Réunion. This is volcanic, and has a striking high, jagged profile rising abruptly from the sea.

The day before we were due to reach Delagoa Bay, Portuguese East Africa, it seemed that there was an unusually sharp lookout kept from the ship. A wireless was received telling us to take all possible precautions. We had shown no lights since leaving Singapore, but that evening extra care was taken to stop every cranny which might leak light. The passengers gathered about in knots discussing the possibility of meeting a German cruiser. Again and again some one mentioned the Hitachi Maru, of the same line, which was captured by a German raider somewhere between Colombo and Delagoa Bay about nine months ago.

Just before dark I was leaning on the port rail amidships arguing with one of the alarmists, a fellow who had brought his life-belt, thick overcoat, and flask of brandy on deck, although the lifeboats had not yet been swung overside. The sea was a great mass of smooth, undulating blue pulp, not a ripple on the surface, but a swell running through it as through the "Witching Waves" at Coney Island, which buckle by machinery. The alarmist had his back to the sea, and I was looking out at it while trying to convince him that his fears were exaggerated. Suddenly less than a hundred yards away the water boiled. Slowly a great shape rose out of this commotion, a shape black and convex, with the water sluicing off it. Just as I seized my companion's arm it sank, more quickly than it had risen. I half expected to see the bubbling streak of a torpedo, but there was no mark on the expanse of quaking blue jelly except the wrinkles where the shape had submerged. Then, twice as far away as before, and behind us, the shape came up again. A whale.

Off Portuguese East Africa, June 8, 1918.

WHAT ONE HYPHENATE THINKS

BY EMERSON HOUGH

FOR me the vaunted melting-pot of America has never been any Holy Grail. I am an American. In nine generations of my family who have lived on American soil there has never been a German name attached to the family tree, nor, indeed, any name but that of an American. The same is true for nine generations in my wife's family. I owe nothing to any political party. The foreign vote may go hang for all of me. It is not necessary for me to camouflage by means of buying Liberty Bonds. I need ask no sympathy of America by reason of any hyphen in my name, because there is no hyphen. I am an American American.

I have never had more admiration for a man because he was unkempt or dirty. While I would not thus classify all Socialists, I may state that I have no personal use for Socialist meetings back of saloons or in malodorous halls lighted with kerosene lamps. The Ghetto of my city possesses for me very small charm. I am so rude and impolitic as to believe that I am just as good an American as though my father had been born in Germany. This is to say that I could not be elected dog-catcher in Chicago. But I do not desire to be elected dog-catcher in Chicago.

At the same time, it seems to me plain that a good American need not necessarily be a prig or a snob about it. Certainly there are a great many people on this side of the Atlantic who were not born here or whose parents were not born here. How about some of these plain, common people whom you do not meet at your club, the men who come downtown on foot or in the street cars, and who have signs over their windows done in

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strange orthography? What do these people think about the war? Are they with us or are they secretly against us?

The other day I found myself in a foreign portion of the great city of Chicago. I did not go there from choice, but by reason of a certain errand. Being there, I chanced to see standing in a door of a very uninviting saloon a certain human being who at the time seemed to be less attractive than almost any that ever had come within my note. In visage he seemed part pirate and part horse-thief. Short, squat, yellow of skin, stumpy, broad, with a flat nose, a shock of hay-colored hair, with small, deep-set, pig-like blue eyes, and hands alike stubbed and grimy as to their fingers, he was not lovely to look upon. I placed him as the lowest specimen of a low calling I ever had met. So I went into his saloon.

He followed me back into the ill-lighted and foul-smelling interior, stepped behind the bar, and looked at me in query. I studied carefully the labels on all the bottles back of the bar, and then asked for a brand which I saw was not there. It was furthest from my purpose to drink anything that he had.

He smiled. "You need not look at dem bottles. All empty."

In a glass case stood many cartons, apparently indicative of bottled goods; but he smiled again. "All dem is empty, too."

"I am quitting dis place," he said at length, pushing toward me a half-filled decanter from which I would not have taken a drink for a thousand dollars. "No?" said he. "I don't drink neither. I know you vouldn't."

"But why this emptiness?" I asked him. "Haven't you anything to sell?"

"On the first of May my lease iss up," said he. "I goin' to quit. Bissness is rotten, anyvay. Nobody drinks no more. I never liked diss bissness, anyvay. It's no good."

"What are you going to do?" I asked him.

"I'm goin' back on the farm—on the land—dat's better."

I had been studying the man meantime. I suspected that he was Jew, perhaps Galician; so I asked him.

"I'm Russian," said he, smiling. When he smiled, his face was very pleasant indeed. He had a low and mild speaking voice. In short, as he developed he was about as far from being a pirate, a horse-thief, or a saloon-keeper as any man I ever saw. So much for hasty judgments.

"How long have you been in this country?" I asked him.

"Thirty-seven years," he said. Then, hastening, "I took out my papers soon as I could. I am past fifty now. I don't speak good, because vat vould I do? I could keep only a saloon. I could live only among my own people. Some from Europe are not citizens. Me, I am citizen. Chess."

"What's the matter with the Russians?" I demanded of him suddenly. "They've all gone to pieces. They've thrown the whole weight of this war on America."

"Meester, they are children," he replied, "children—poor children—that is all."

"The Bolsheviki?"

"The Bolsheviki don't know—dat iss all. Ve can do nothing with them—us Americans." I believe he spoke the truth.

"Tell me about yourself," I said to him now. And so we began quite a long conversation across his empty bar. A man of some foreign persuasion came in and wanted a pint flask filled, but my man shook his head at him and sent him away.

"A bad bissness," he said to me. "I am glad to be out of it and on the land."

"But Russia had land," I said to him. "Why did you come over?"

"Chess, Russia has land, as good as any in this country; but no gufferment, no education. All children—children. They don't know how to think. My children here go to school. There can be no gufferment until iss education. I have four girls—all in school. Dat makes five to knit efenings at home. Two vork in the Red Cross."

"Have you no boys?" I asked of him.

"Two," he answered, simply.

"What are they doing?"

"They are both in the Army, in France now. Vhen the Tuscania sank, they both vere saved. My vife and I have the icon over the bed. Vell, our boys wass saved. In France now—with the Americans."

"How many boys have you?" he asked of me then.

"None," said I. "God help me, none."

"That's bad," said he. "I'm sorry of that, sir." In his little piggy blue eyes there was a great deal of kindness. His face, with its flat nose and heavy and high cheeks, was stolid-looking, but now actually it seemed to soften.

"What do you think about the war?" I asked him next.

"Ve got to vin it," he said, very soberly. "All my peoples in Russia quit because they were children. Dat is all. But America—she don't quit."

"About the Germans, now," I went on. "What do you know about the German people and how they feel toward the war? Maybe you know something about this talk of a German revolution. Perhaps you get something from the inside that we Americans don't know about?"

"Somethings, chess," said he. "Ve think Chermany will stick by her gufferment. They do not starve, but they are not happy. After the var, perhaps reffolution in Chermany—not before."

"The Reikatag"—so he called the Reichstag—"iss after the war stronger, chess. The Emperor after the war is not so strong. The Reikatag always grows stronger every hundert years in every people. The peoples get stronger. But they must have education."

"You read sometimes?"

I believe he would have blushed could such a skin have shown the blood beneath its leathery exterior. "All I can, sir," said he. "Not much. I haff not even learned to speak good—because of diss bissness and because I have not money to go to school, nor time, ven I came to America. But my children—chess—they go to school. Ve all read all ve can. Ve hear much from Europe—from Russia, from Germany, that you do not hear."

"Then Germany will not win the war?"

He spread his arms wide in a gesture of contempt.

"No! no! Of course not. It would not be right. Besides, she can't. Too many boys—like mine. Americans!

"It iss the schools," he went on, eagerly and earnestly, leaning toward me across the top of his empty bar. "It iss the schools. Dot's vat ve vant. In Chermany schools teach war, and the Emperor. In America the schools teach about our own Reikatag in Vashington. All my childrens in school—chess.

"But me, meester," and again he spread out his hands, "I am only chust a little over fifty, so I go on the land. Tell me, meester, vhere iss good land to get in America, cheap, you know? How is Montana? How iss Florida? How is Visconsin?"

I had to tell this old-time saloon-keeper of foreign Chicago that the good lands and cheap lands of America are gone forever. I could see him at labor in some slashed-off pine country in Wisconsin or Michigan. Forty years of hard work there will remove the stumps and reveal the granite boulders. Of these latter not enough can be removed perhaps to free half the soil. I told him of some of these things, giving him such counsel as I could about lands in this and that part of the West and the South. With some strange fatalism, he seemed to drift towards the hardest game of them all. He liked the pine lands because they were cheaper. I told him about the enormous labor of clearing land where the trees have been so large and so thick. But still he spread out his hands. "Better that for me and my boys than this. I am done vith the saloon. It iss a bad bissness. I am glad people don't drink much now. I am glad the Gufferment put it out."

"On the land," he added, his face brightening really, "more time. Then I read. Even I can learn somethings yet before I die. My girls get married by and by, and the boys too vill. My boys"—his face grew graver. "If they should come back, they too ean go on the land. Not in the saloon—nefer! Ve keep in the schools, all of us. By and by ve are not childrens, ve are not Bolsheviki, ve are not Russians, ve are not Chermans. No! no! We come to be Americans. It iss a long time, but ve come."

"Then Germany will not win this war, you think?"

"How can she?" he asked. "Of course she cannot. Vat—beat America? Let the Chermans not think it—no, nor the Owstrians, nor the Finns, nor the Swedes, nor the Serbs, nor noone over there. The var goes one vay—Chermany looses—that iss all. She think Americans side in vith her—us? I should say not! Chermany fights, chess, but she looses. She iss vhipped now. Now let her haff gufferment that iss gufferment. Let Russia have gufferment that iss gufferment. Let them all

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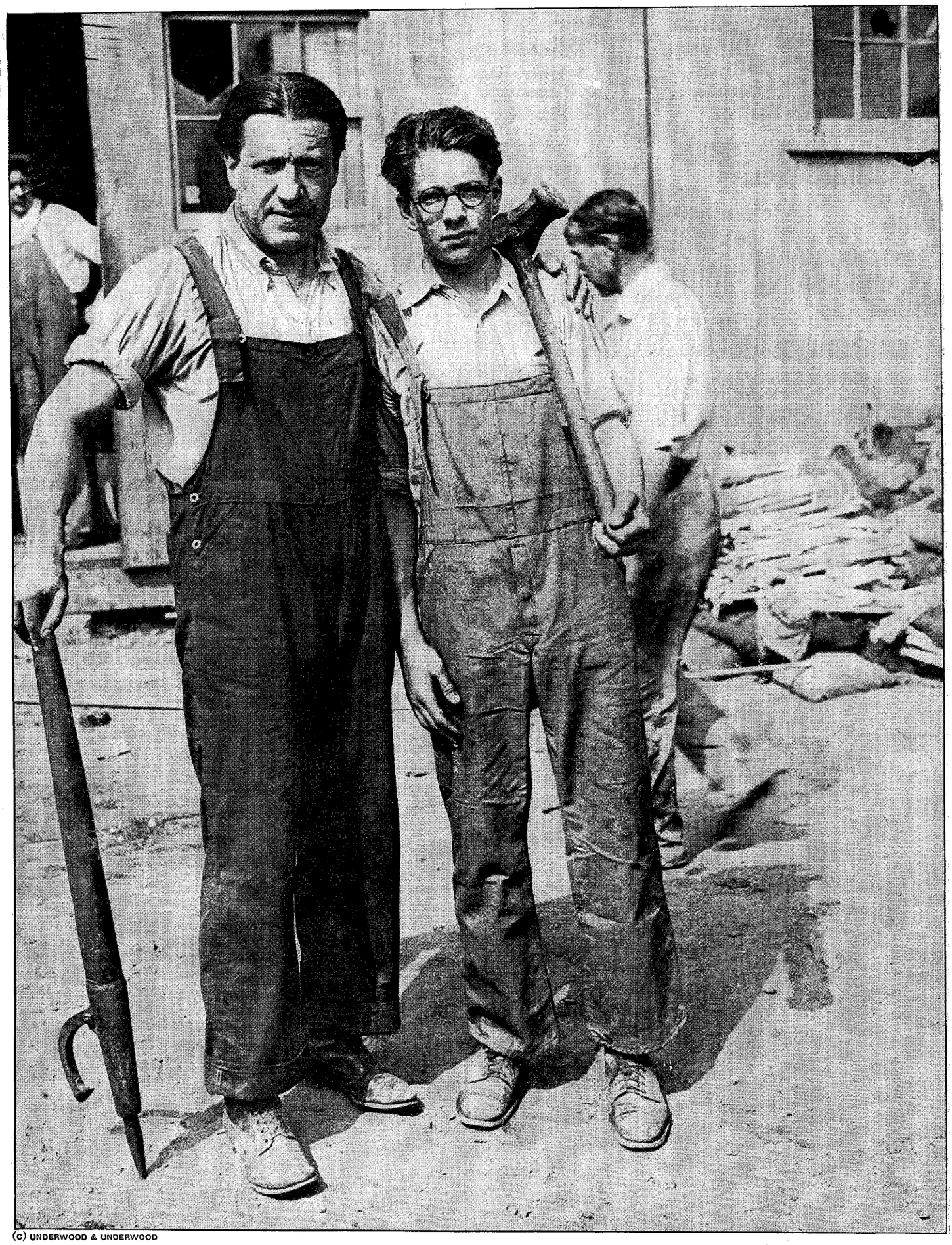

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RABBI WISE AND HIS SON WORKING AS DAY LABORERS TO HELP AMERICA IN HER GREAT STRUGGLE

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagogue of New York City, is working in a ship-building yard at Stamford, Connecticut, to help win the war. With his son, he reports for work each day at 7 A.M. and quits at 4:30 P.M. This is the way he is spending a vacation. In this Rabbi Wise is a prominent representative of thousands of patriotic Americans who are helping to build "the bridge to France"

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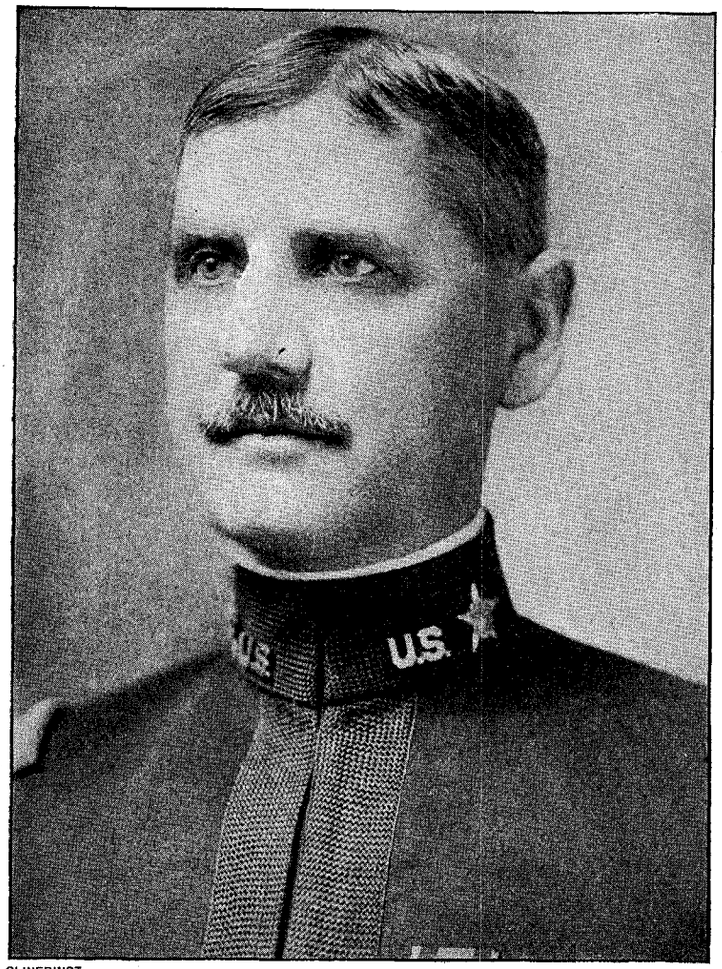

CLINEDINST

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM S. GRAVES

General Graves, it is announced, will command the American Expeditionary Force to be sent to Siberia. He was born in Texas in 1865; graduated from West Point in 1889; and served with distinction in the Philippines. See editorial comment on Russian affairs

(C) PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

BARON UVEHARA

Baron Uvehara is the Chief of Staff of the Japanese Army, and, as such, has charge of all Japanese movements, including the Siberian campaign. General Otani will be in direct command of the Japanese force. His picture was published in our issue of March 13, 1918

(C) BRITISH OFFICIAL, FROM KADEL & HERBERT

WOUNDED GERMAN PRISONERS BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES

These men, captured by the British, are receiving bread and tea from their captors. The tags on the two men sitting on the bench denote the nature of their injuries. Note how carefully the wounds of the prisoners have been dressed

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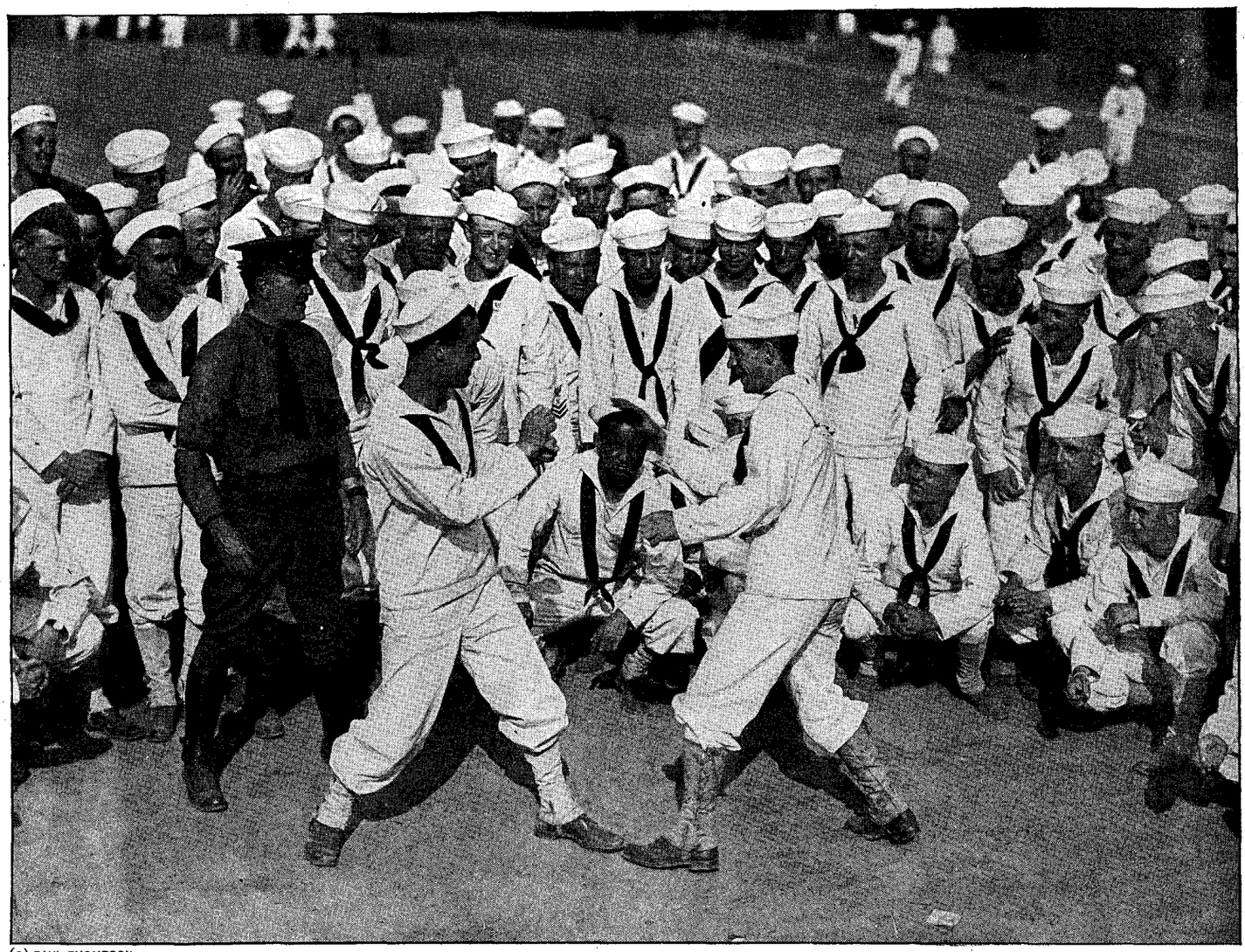

(c) PAUL THOMPSON

A FRIENDLY BOUT AT THE PELHAM NAVAL TRAINING STATION

Boxing is regarded in both Army and Navy as one of the best exercises for keeping men in a condition of general physical effectiveness

(c) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE PIONEER DIVISION OF POLISH WHITE CROSS NURSES FOR THE POLISH NATIONAL ARMY IN FRANCE

In the center of the group is Madame Helena Paderewska, President of this new war relief organization which is sending out these units for overseas service. She is the wife of the famous pianist Ignace J. Paderewski. The Polish White Cross is looking after the welfare both of the Polish recruits in this country and of the Polish national army now at the front in France

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fix their Reikatags. Then maybe they know vat it is to fight us Americans. It iss our schools that vill vhip them—our schools!"

I was turning toward the door now, not because I wished to go, but because time lapsed.

"You vill not come back to my place again, meester," said my Russian friend. "You did not come here to drink. Vhy did you come?"

"I came to learn about the war," said I.

TO AMERICA IN ARMS

BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

ENGLISH VERSION BY JOHN R. SLATER, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

In sending this stirring English paraphrase of d'Annunzio's verses, the translator appended the following note: "This is a free rendering or paraphrase of the latter part of d'Annunzio's eloquent ode to America composed for the Italian celebration of July 4, 1918. The original poem of which this is the conclusion is written in free verse or rhythmical prose, and can be adequately rendered neither by a literal prose translation nor by any precise equivalent in English verse. The following passages represent an attempt to convey in English meters something of the splendid sweep and lofty spirit of the poet-aviator's tribute to the American Expeditionary Forces; a wholly inadequate attempt for which the only apology is a desire that the American public may know more of Italy's outlook toward the future."—THE EDITORS.

America, thy soul is marching on!
John Brown's old song, deep-rooted in thy soil,
Thy sacred earth that never can forget,
Springs forth again like some strange crimson flower.
Out of the deep years still the tolling bells
That sounded for his passing in the west
Echo again the call to martyrdom.
The seed is come to harvest: marching on,
Thy eager youths leap forth from thy brown furrows,
Leaving thy white streets for the long, long trail.
Stars in their hands they bear, and drive before them
Out of thy States all base designs for peace.
March on! In our fair fields the blood is flowing
That stained the valley of the Shenandoah.
Here is the clash of steel, the fire, the anguish;
Here is the sweat, the rage, the bitter grief;
Hunger and thirst are here; the dead, the dying;
The unclean herd that welters on the field.
March on! As long ago, so now in battle
Here in our forests, on our mountain-tops,
By our Italian lakes and rivers striving,
By land or sea, man finds his life at last
Where day by day he meets death face to face.
No longer is there sleep nor time for waiting,
No truce, no rest; the reveille is past.
March on, to fight the battle of the world!

. . . . . .

Down in the sweet old valley of Virginia
The birds are singing softly in the grove;
And Stonewall Jackson wakes again at midnight,
Scenting the Southern blood that blows afar,
With shattered arm upraised, shouts, "Forward, march!"
There in the darkness where his loved ones laid him
He cries, with that old voice they knew so well,
"Send my men forward—they will not retreat."

Phil Sheridan is once more in the saddle;
He scents disaster twenty miles away,
And gallops through the dim years of the dead.
That great bay horse has neither bit nor bridle;
His heart is swifter than his flying feet;
And when he comes, the end is victory!

. . . . . .

"Ships! Ships! Ships!" cries Farragut the admiral,
Who sank the rams, and burned the rafts, and tore the chains away.
Sailor stout of heart, with the love of right and liberty,
Where is now the barrier that must be broken through?
Where is now the harbor to be wrested from the enemy?
What is now the armor that the guns must batter down?
Farragut is pale in death, but into his own sepulcher
Premuda's hero[1] comes to share his glories and his dreams.

"Wings! Wings! Wings!" is the cry in all the air to-day:
Not the cry of victors who have fallen in the fight,
Not the cry of air cadets, nor crowds beneath the hurricane,
But the cry of Victory herself who calls for wings!
Give her wings, and see her take the skies and make her home with us,
Fly by tens of thousands o'er the Piave and the Marne!
Hover o'er our sacred streams, and high above our mountain-tops
Rise forever into life above the realms of death!

"Free! Free! Free!" Hear the motors sing for Liberty,
Never-ceasing thunder as her passing rends the sky.
Hear the engines booming out the hymn of human Liberty,
While the clouds conceal the earth and smoke pollutes the air.
How the breath grows short and the stoutest heart is nigh appalled,
How the martyr's death is hidden in the gulfs of space!
But the Winged Victory grows taller and more beautiful,
Strong and ever stronger is her voice above the storm!

. . . . . .

Live, then, America, for truth is living;
Die, for in death is immortality.
Form once again with us the line of battle.
The war begins: for this, the world's great hour
Of strife and harvest, arms and scythes are ready
To fight and reap, in Death's great harvest day.
No longer will we share our bread with brutes.
At last we're on the march, to plod no longer
Like driven cattle 'neath the tyrant's goad.
The people in arms are marching to the future,
And dedicate their stars to years unseen.
We're on the march! How long shall we be marching?
Until the roads of east and west are free;
Until beneath the four winds of the world
Freedom is possible for all mankind;
Until we reach the end of our long journey;
Until time brings the fullness of the years.
A Faith in arms is marching to the future;
Its flags are consecrated to the dawn!

[1] Premuda is an island in the Adriatic, the sea which has been and is the scene of Austro-Italian naval battles. The poet doubtless refers to Captain Rizzo, one of Italy's naval heroes of the present war.—THE EDITORS.

CAN THE IRISH BARRIER BE REMOVED?

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

"THE clear and critical spirit of France," as Clemenceau once finely called it, is examining anew the Irish question. That this review is not favorable to all elements in Ireland is shown by such a paragraph as this, in "L'Illustration:" "It remains true that, alone among the European Powers engaged in the great war, the British Empire allows one of its component provinces—for, after all, Ireland is nothing more than a considerable province—to pursue its customary avocations in peace, to trade, to grow rich, and to give only what it pleases to the common cause of the Allies. This condition of affairs, humiliating for the great majority of Englishmen and Scotsmen, grievous for the Allied Governments, could not last

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forever. While on all hands the belligerents are, in a supreme effort, sacrificing all their resources in human lives, it is inadmissible that Ireland, for whom we are fighting as well as for ourselves, should owe her liberty to us without having earned it. The heroism of the Redmonds and their partisans was not enough to redeem the indifference of the majority of the Irish people, to say nothing of the black treason of the Sinn Feiners. The leader of the Nationalists knew this only too well, and this great Anglo-Saxon patriot, who was the best of the Irish, died heartbroken."

France therefore welcomed the application of conscription to Ireland, as removing a grave injustice, among others, to the sons of France; and this representative journal prints, with clearly marked indignation, a photograph of Roman Catholic priests in Ireland administering to their congregations an oath to resist conscription—that is, to resist the supreme law of the land—"by all means in their power."

But for the present Irish conscription is in abeyance. A new effort is being made to raise a volunteer army in Ireland; and it is of happy augury that Colonel Arthur Lynch, M.P., condemned for treason in the Boer War, but pardoned by King Edward VII, is now in Ireland, heroically working to raise volunteers for the sacred cause of the Allies; of happy augury, because his presence there is a living symbol of English magnanimity co-operating with Irish chivalry.

His action speaks the more eloquently in this period of silence. May it not be wise to use this lull in an effort to lessen certain old misunderstandings concerning the Irish question? And, since the Irish side of the controversy has been so often and so eloquently stated, should we not try to give an equal measure of understanding to England? It has so often been said that England cannot understand Ireland; but is it not at least as true that Irishmen seem wholly unable to understand, and therefore to do justice to, England?

Is it not possible that, besides interpreting the Irish temperament to England, the informed sympathy of America and of France may in this period of stillness perhaps convey to the consciousness of Ireland certain verities concerning that England which Ireland finds so incomprehensible, but which France now knows full well and which America is daily learning to know better?

Irish advocates tell us, for example, that England refuses to give self-government to Ireland, refuses "to give Ireland her freedom." But is it not true that—for a third of a century now, in 1886, in 1893, and again in 1914—the House of Commons has applied its finest legislative abilities to the effort to provide a workable measure of self-government for Ireland? But at each effort one and the same obstacle arose: the disposition of the strong and able minority which in Ireland is passionately devoted to the Union, as so many Americans in the South in 1861, and notably in West Virginia, were devoted to our own Union.

This is the point that no Home Ruler ever seems to be able to state fairly, because no Home Ruler seems able to see it fairly; if the right of self-government is inborn in Ireland, which is, after all, only a very small minority of the United Kingdom, why is not this same right inherent in that part of Ireland which is devoted to the Union? Why, then, should Irish Unionists invariably be represented by Home Rulers as a band of stiff-necked obstructionists for doing exactly what is held to be so right and praiseworthy in Home Rulers? And, finally, why should England be called a tyrant because, with fine equity, she refuses to deal unjustly with the Unionist minority, and has hitherto held back Home Rule until a solution shall be found which in dealing with the Irish Unionists shall not violate fundamental principles of fairness? Why should England's justice be misrepresented as English tyranny?

Thus Mr. Dillon has quoted in the House of Commons the President's declaration in defense of government with the consent of the governed, and has based on it a pathetic plea for Home Rule. But cannot Mr. Dillon see that what he and his party have demanded any time these thirty years is the power to govern Unionist Ulster without the consent of the governed? And they have practically asked the armed force of England to enable them to do this. In reality it is England, not Home Rule Ireland, which is loyal to the great principle cited by the President.

Here is the rub: the Home Rulers will not rest satisfied with autonomy for themselves; they want to rule the Irish Unionists also—against their will. The Home Rulers say they will never consent to separate treatment for the Irish Unionists, because this would mutilate the Irish nation. But what constitutes the Irish nation? And what, in general, is a nation? It will be remembered that on January 4, 1861, Governor Pickens proclaimed "the sovereign nation of South Carolina;" but that chapter is closed. When was Ireland a nation? Was it in 1169, when Norman-Welsh mercenaries were enlisted by the King of Leinster in his war against the King of Connaught? But Ireland at that time was made up of no less than five kingdoms, which had been fighting fiercely among each other for a millennium and a half. The present division of the four provinces simply perpetuates the old division into kingdoms with the ancient boundaries, the two kingdoms of Leinster and Meath being joined in a single province. Does it not seem to follow, then, that if the argument for historic nationality is to be pressed the historic difference between the provinces must go with it?

Here is one way in which this might work out: Sir Horace Plunkett, in presenting his recent report, pleaded for "dominion government" for Ireland—the kind of government which had its beginning with the Dominion of Canada in 1867. But does Sir Horace realize, do Home Rulers realize, that inclusion in the Dominion was optional; that Newfoundland has always declined to be included, and has kept Labrador with her; that when the Australian Commonwealth was formed in 1900 inclusion was once more optional? Does not this concede the whole case for the Irish Unionists? Further, each province in the Dominion of Canada has a separate parliament, with exclusive right of direct taxation. Does the Home Rule theory include this option, this provincial independence, for Unionist Ireland, as is implied by the plea for "dominion" government? And if not, why not? Or do Irish Home Rulers wish to emulate the Magyars, who, gaining their own independence, straightway proceeded to ride roughshod over the Slovaks and Rumanians? But, I think, the essential thing is to make it clear, most of all to Irishmen, that Home Rule has been held back, not because England objected to Home Rule, but because Home Rulers asked for something that they had no right to ask for—a fundamental injustice to others.

Had they conceded to the Irish Unionists what they demand for themselves, without question Home Rule would have been in operation these four years—since 1914. Let us try to help them to see that. They passionately plead Erin's Isle, sacred and indivisible; but, oddly enough, there is not an island on the globe which is a complete and sovereign state. Cuba comes near it, but Cuba is limited by the Platt Amendment. Great Britain is only a part of a sovereign state, and embraces no less than three historic nationalities.

In all that has preceded we have assumed that Home Rule is both just and expedient. But is it expedient? So wise a man as Cavour, maker of United Italy, was convinced that it was not; he expressed the fervent hope that the repeal of the Union, agitated in his day, would not be passed—primarily for the sake of Ireland herself. One reason for this view is given by the Frenchman whose words I have already quoted. "As for the 'wrongs' of Ireland," he says, "they have long since ceased to exist, except on paper or in the chatter of politicians. Let us not forget that since the Act of Union (1800) the finances of Ireland are those of England; that since 1829 religious liberty has been complete; that two-thirds of the land has been returned, thanks to England's gold, to the hands of its cultivators; that the Irish agricultural laborer is the best housed, the best fed, the most independent, of his class in the world; that local self-government is absolute; that the representation of Ireland is so numerous in the Parliament at Westminster as again and again to decide party supremacy in England, and that, consequently, Ireland has imposed her will upon English, Scotch, and Welsh statesmen. It is grotesque to hear Irishmen denounce British tyranny when one remembers that the same Irishmen have always accepted with both hands the generous gifts of the British Exchequer. It is with this cursed English gold that Irishmen pay their old-age pensions, . . . and these same Englishmen subsidized the revival of the Gaelic language." Home Rule might mean, therefore, the cessation of many advantages.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of August 14, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: A British Pacifist; The German People and Peace; Shall Germany be Excluded from World Trade; Conversion of the "New Yorker Staats-Zeitung."

Reference: Pages 575, 576, 578.

Questions:

1. What, in your opinion, is Lord Lansdowne's conception of this war and its objects? What explanation have you as to why he views this war as he does? 2. The Outlook says that this war is "a *posse comitatus* out to round up a gang of bandits." Explain the appropriateness of the quoted words. Suppose the gang threw up their hands and promised to be "good" hereafter; would you, on such condition, be willing to call this war off? Give several reasons. 3. The Outlook also says that Lord Lansdowne "does not understand the forces at work in the world to-day" and "the new spirit of the nations." Tell what those "forces" are and explain "the new spirit." 4. Have you been of the opinion that the Allies are "out to fight for a set of peace terms"? Are they? 5. In what respects have Dr. Bohn's German friends shown conclusively that "the only salvation for Germany lies in her military defeat"? 6. Why can't Germany and the German people be brought to their senses by pacific and diplomatic means? 7. Discuss whether the Allies, after they have defeated Germany, should have absolute control of the press, the pulpits, assemblages, and the schools and colleges in Germany for not less than two generations. Should they also control all of Germany's international relations during that time? 8. Does The Outlook believe Germany should be excluded from world trade? Give reasons why you do or do not think so. 9. Does it seem to you that the "New Yorker Staats-Zeitung" is soundly converted? 10. Read two suggestive books: "Through War to Peace," by A. G. Keller (Macmillan); "Behind the Scenes in the Reichstag," by A. E. Wetterlé (Doran).

B. Topic: The Theft of a Nation; Bulgaria, Criminal Nation.

Reference: Pages 585–587; editorial, page 579.

Questions:

1. State and explain the various ways by which, according to Mr. Chadwick, Austria and Bulgaria are denationalizing, destroying, and Bulgarizing Serbia. 2. Make a list of the expressions by which The Outlook (page 579) has described and characterized Bulgaria. What do you think of Bulgaria? 3. What is your explanation of the fact that the United States has not declared war on Bulgaria? Should she declare war on her? 4. Tell how you think the Allies ought to deal with Austria and Bulgaria after they have made Germany surrender unconditionally. 5. Review the Balkan Wars of 1912–13. What had they to do with the present war? Is there or was there a Pan-Serb movement? What is the problem in the Balkans for the Allies to solve? 6. Two exceedingly good books for this topic are "South-Eastern Europe," by V. R. Savic (F. H. Revell Company), and "The Balkan Wars," by J. G. Schurman (Princeton University Press).

II—LOCAL AFFAIRS

Topic: The Case of Paul Chapman.

Reference: Pages 587, 588.

Questions:

1. Restate the facts of the case of Paul Chapman. 2. Do you believe that the "prevalence of crime in youth . . . is an unmistakable writing on the wall that accuses society of negligence of its full duty"? 3. If this is so, is not Paul Chapman to be released of responsibility in this murder case? 4. What, in your opinion, would constitute justice to Paul Chapman and justice to the widow of the murdered man? 5. Name and discuss the bases of criminology. Offer some suggestions as to how society, in your opinion, can lessen crime. 6. Read Maurice Parmelee's "Criminology" (Macmillan).

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Bulgaria is worse than Germany. 2. History shows that virtues become vices. 3. No nation has ever survived that was unwilling to fight for its liberties.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for August 14, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Posse comitatus (575), slang (576); nondescript, Index Expurgatorius, Magyar, canny (585); culpability (587).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. The department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

A RECORD RUN BY MOTOR TRUCK

FROM CHICAGO TO BALTIMORE IN 100 HOURS

(From the "Commercial Vehicle")

One of the most spectacular overland motor-truck hauls in the history of road transportation was recently completed by five pneumatic-tired five-ton trucks of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, which completed a continuous 1,700-mile trip from Akron to Chicago, from Chicago to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Trenton, and from Trenton back to Akron. Full loads were carried during the entire trip except between Baltimore and Trenton.

The 440-mile run between Akron and Chicago was made with a load of tires for the Chicago branch of the Goodyear Company, and was completed in 35½ hours elapsed time, which is as good as the time made in shipping by express between the same two cities. The actual running time of the trucks was 22 hours, the remaining 13½ hours being consumed in stops for gasoline and oil, food, and an occasional repair, and on account of bad roads.

Arriving in Chicago, the Chicago Association of Commerce helped to secure a return load of hospital supplies of the Central Division of the American Red Cross. These supplies were carried from Chicago to Baltimore, a distance of 850 miles, which was covered in the record time of 100 hours. The Lincoln Highway route was followed as far east as Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, where the fleet turned south at Hagerstown and Frederick, Maryland, to Baltimore. At Baltimore the trucks delivered their loads directly onto lighters, which were towed out into the harbor and unloaded into a transport sailing for France.

After disposing of their loads at Baltimore the trucks proceeded north to Trenton, New Jersey, where loads of wire rope were picked up at the Roebling plant and carried back to Akron. In just one week after leaving Chicago the trucks were back in Akron ready to resume their regular Akron to Boston schedule.

Each of the trucks was furnished with two drivers so that they might be operated continuously, one driver sleeping while the other operated the vehicle. The remarkable time made by the trucks was, of course, due to the giant pneumatic tire equipment which enabled the heavy 5-tonners at times to run at speeds in excess of thirty miles an hour without damage to either the truck mechanism or the highways. Forty-four-by-ten-inch pneumatic tires were used on the rear wheels.

The entire programme or schedule outlined for the trucks in advance was carried out without a hitch, which shows the degree of reliability that has been attained by these pneumatic-tired vehicles by reason of the experience gained in the operation between Akron and Boston during the past thirteen months.

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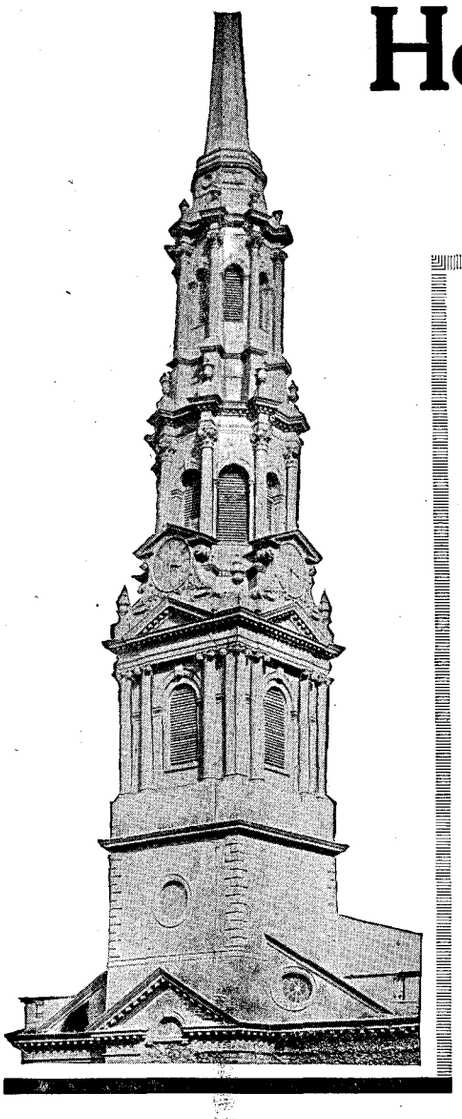
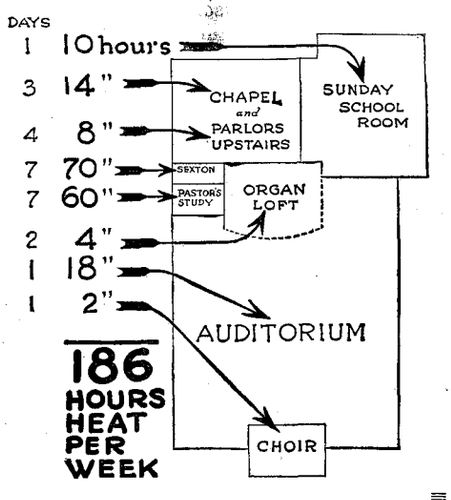
How to heat a church

Common sense demands a radical change in your present system





In a church like this—
Heat now used on Sunday is enough to keep *all* rooms warm through the week *when needed.*

FUEL-WASTE seems today almost unthinkable, but it is to be feared that many churches waste fuel *without thinking.*

Isn't it true that, just for the sake of using two or three rooms at intervals through the week, the furnace is kept going *seven days a week?*

On Sundays, the one busy day, of course you require plenty of heat throughout the building, but on most of the other days you could dispense with your costly heating system entirely, if you only had some way of heating, for a few hours at a time, the few rooms that are actually needed.

But with one big heating-plant you cannot avoid this waste. It is the *system* itself that is at fault. The only way to economize is to *change the system.*

The churches should set the example

Grinnell Ready-Heat does everything that your costly, fuel-wasting heating-plant does. It heats the whole church edifice perfectly—BUT, it does more.

If only one, two, or three rooms are needed, it heats these rooms at only a trifling percentage of the cost of heating the entire building continuously.

Grinnell Ready-Heat is a combined system of *gas*-heating and *ventilation.* It is operated through *radiators* just like steam or hot water. It is turned on or off as easily as a gas-jet, so needs no skilled attendance. It will heat any number of rooms, as long as required, without a particle of heat being wasted on unoccupied parts of the building.

Fuel-economy is a vital national issue

Grinnell Ready-Heat, with its thermostatic control feature, costs less to install than a steam system with a similar controlling device. It probably will not cost as much to run as other types of systems, because you pay only for the fuel that you use and you do not have to use fuel except when you need heat. In fact, there is usually a very considerable saving in using Grinnell Ready-Heat in any intermittently heated building. Consider the coming winter. Think of the coal troubles of the past winter. Think of the thousands of families needing coal who cannot obtain it.

Then consult your gas company or write us for some interesting information on this vital subject of fuel-saving. Address General Fire Extinguisher Company, 289 W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL
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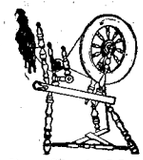
Men's Wear *at* McCutcheon's



Reg. Trade-Mark

Men of discriminating taste find satisfaction at McCutcheon's. Furnishings which are out of the ordinary and of high quality are offered here at reasonable prices.

Summer Bath Robes

Japanese Crepe Robes, Slippers to match, $3.50.
Imported Cheviot in colored Stripes, $12.00.
Pongee Silk at $12.00.
Plain Color Moire Robes at $15.00 and 25.00.
Foulard Silk and Crepe Robes, $21.00, 25.00 and 30.00.
Turkish Toweling Robes at $5.00, 6.50 to 12.00.
Bath Slippers, $1.25.

Bathing Suits

One-piece pure Worsted Bathing Suits in Heather shades, plain Black, Navy and Gray, at $6.00.
Two-piece pure Worsted Bathing Suits as above at $5.00, 6.50, and 7.50.
Swimming Suit, White Worsted Shirt, Indigo Flannel Trunks, $7.50.
Bathing Belts, 50c.

Orders by mail given special attention.

James McCutcheon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 34th & 33d Sts., N. Y.

A NEW ZEALANDER WRITES ABOUT WAR, FRITZ, AMERICA, AND FRANCE

FROM A SOLDIER TO HIS AUNT

Well, I am back again in the old familiar place (the trenches), and New Zealand and the subsequent trip across the Pacific and Atlantic are now but faint (albeit very, very pleasant) memories.

Conditions have undergone a vast change during my absence, and, judged from a 1916 point of view, it is no longer a good old war. Gone, alas! are the many luxuries of trench-warfare days—the comfortable billets, the savory French dishes, and the deep and roomy dugout. War in its grimmest aspects confronts one now on all sides, and the change is due to the transition from trench to semi-open warfare. And perhaps, after all, it is better so, as under the old conditions the war might have gone on indefinitely. Now, however, one realizes that the end must soon come.

Germany, despite her territorial gains, has received a staggering blow, and no nation can possibly live under the strain now being imposed upon her. Her losses in her big offensive have been appalling, and that the casualties have affected the morale of the troops is in evidence each time we have a little "dust up." We are now holding a fairly important part of the line, and we know that thousands of Huns are massed in front of us, awaiting the word to hop over onto us. The attack will probably come long before this reaches you, but Fritz won't have it all his own way this time—in fact, I feel safe in saying that he'll get the shock of his life. Ground he may certainly get, but territory isn't everything, as it is always possible with proper artillery support to make territorial gains.

However, I mustn't anticipate. Suffice it to say that it is a gloriously sunny day in May, and that the health and spirits of all in my company are A1 at Lloyd's. Tomorrow we may be at grips with Fritz; but, as to-day is fine, why worry or anticipate?

Away out there in New Zealand, mother, no doubt, is worrying and worrying about me—worrying, waiting, and hoping. Here in France, with fourteen thousand miles between us, I'm sitting in a damp old dugout scribbling in a perfectly contented frame of mind. I've quite forgotten about the big, fat beetle that tried to rest in my ear as I lay sleeping last night, and I have quite forgiven the rat that coursed over my face after dining on my scanty store of biscuits. Also the ton or so of bombs some Gothas dropped in our vicinity just before dawn has been tossed into the limbo of almost forgotten things. And why are all these things possible? Just because one has that comfortable feeling of duty done. Another reason, too, is that there were onions in the midday stew. Just compare the two of us—dear old mum, away back in New Zealand, worrying, worrying, because war to her must always be terrible. War to her means naught else but shattered bodies, terrible wounds, and awful sufferings, and because of these things, and because her son is exposed to all these terrors, she worries and worries while she sits and waits. Her son meanwhile, fitter and better physically than ever before in his life, is happy and quite ready to meet anything that may arise.

I wonder if you can follow all this. What I want to convey is that out here one takes all things as being in the day's work. One's mind seldom dwells on the terrors of war, and, because of all this, war to us hasn't half the terrors it has for our womenfolk who remain behind. If it were not for the roar of the guns to-day, one could almost think that war was an unheard-of thing. 'Way in the rear of this position I can hear a band playing.

A few moments ago they were playing a ragtime medley, and I caught the strains of "Over There." Do you know it? It's all about the Americans or "Yanks" coming "Over There," and it is highly popular in the trenches, not only on account of its tuneful lilt, but because the Yanks who are here come up to expectations in every detail. I've met hundreds of them, and what bonny boys they are—always cheerful, and always eager to learn all the arts of war. They've been tried out, too, in the line, and I can honestly state that they are the equal of any troops here.

Poor old Fritz! Still another mistake goes down to his account. First the British were a nation of storekeepers, blind to aught else but their own comfort. Then America was mentioned. Pooh! they'd never get here in time! And, even if they did, armies were not created in days; years of service were necessary if they were expected to have anything like an equal chance with the sons of the Fatherland. And the lords of *Kultur* dismissed all thought of America without a misgiving. And what is the result? Here in France are hundreds of thousands of lithe young Americans, trained, not in the hard school of Germany, but in a free, democratic country; all worthy sons of fathers whose grandfathers once humbled Britain, true descendants of a people who, without military training, gained independence for what is now one of the greatest countries in the world—the United States of America. Thousands more are coming over every week, I hear. When they are all here, the war will end in two months. You mark my word!

But enough about America (although I could fill pages of appreciation of what the United States of America is doing). Let me tell you a little about France. You'd love the country could you but see it now. Everywhere the woods are taking on their gloriously green mantles; everywhere in the back areas the crops are sprouting, and the first swallow and the first nightingale came over with the first sunny day of the month. Up near the line trees and bushes make a brave fight for their natural heritage; but shells, the everlasting shells, turn green into drab, make hideous shattered skeletons of what should be beautiful green-clothed trees. In our immediate rear is the remnant of what was once a happy French village. A few months—nay, a few weeks—ago it sheltered a hundred or so peasant folk. To-day the only inhabitants are thousands of rats and mice. These devastated villages are all around us. You can't walk two miles without striking one, and the sight of them only helps to harden the resolve that we all make—not to knock off until the world has been rid of the German menace for all time. WILL.

France.

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THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising rates are: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, fifty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

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with the satisfaction of knowing that the travel funds on your person are *safe against loss.* Carry

American Express Travelers Cheques

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Ask for them at American Express Offices or at Banks

Hotels and Resorts

MAINE

The Homestead
BAILEY ISLAND, ME.
Open June 15 to Sept. 15. Illustrated booklet and rates upon application. Address THOMAS E. HAZELL, Bailey Island, Me.

Robinhood Inn and Cottages
BAILEY ISLAND, ME. Opened June 15th. Bathing, fishing, sailing. For circular, Miss Massey.

YORK CAMPS LOON LAKE, MAINE
In famous Rangeley region in heart of mountains facing lake. Private log cabins with open fires, bath and hot and cold water. Central dining-room. Golf within easy reach; garage. Boating, bathing, fishing, mountain climbing. Farm one mile from camp furnishes fresh vegetables, eggs, poultry, certified milk. Booklet. **J. LEWIS YORK, Prop.**

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PURITAN
Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world. Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed
O'Connell-Mgr.

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
The Leslie
A quiet, cozy little house by the sea
Private Baths. Descriptive Booklet. September Rates.

NEW YORK CITY

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on aristocratic Brooklyn Heights and enjoy the advantages of
THE MARINE ROOF
the most famous roof in America. Dine 300 feet in the air, with a panographic view of New York Harbor stretching before you for a distance of 10 miles. Dancing if you like. Write for booklet B.
Montague, Hicks, and Remsen Streets, Brooklyn

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

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31st Street & Fifth Avenue New York
Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.
Room and bath $3.50 per day with meals, or $2.00 per day without meals.
Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Norece Hall, 114 W. 79th St.
The Graycourt, 124 W. 82d St.
Quiet houses where families and ladies traveling alone will find homelike and refined surroundings. Folder and rates on application. W. B. Stubbs, Norece Co., 114 W. 79th St., N.Y.

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACKS

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Keene Valley, N. Y. Situated in spruces and pines. Wonderful location. Beautiful illustrated booklet. $12 and up. M. E. LUCK, Prop.

Health Resorts

Sanford Hall, est. 1841
Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases
Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*
Sanford Hall Flushing New York

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium
A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

For Sale by Owner—50-ACRE TRACT
partially bordering on Conn. shore of Long Island Sound, 45 miles from New York City. Beautiful building sites; excellent soil; good roads; convenient to trains. 9,077, Outlook.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

For Sale—20 Acres
Some cultivating, new fair-sized bungalow with large veranda, field-stone fireplace, high elevation, attractive view, only eight minutes' walk from the Woodbury trolley, ten miles from Waterbury. It will suit you. Price only $1,400. $800 cash. J. Cassidy, Woodbury, Conn.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

FOR RENT Sugar Hill, New Hampshire Furnished cottage for September and October. Rent $150, including wood and ice. WM. E. SATCHELL, Owner, Sugar Hill, N. H.

NEW JERSEY

TO LEASE, LAKEWOOD, N. J.
Beautifully appointed home facing lake. Extensive library, music-room, 9 master bedrooms, 5 servants', 5 baths, 7 fireplaces, elevator, screened porches. Silver, linen, bedding and fuel. Maids if desirable. Autumn until Dec. 20th or entire season. 9,079, Outlook.

NEW YORK

Camps and Cottages
for rent or for sale at all prices in any part of the Adirondacks. Write for free, illustrated booklet.
Mention The Outlook
W. F. ROBERTS
Real Estate Office, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Furnished Cottage
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.
Eight rooms. Chester Hill section. October 1st for one year or winter season. Address C. L. COLEMAN, 118 Archer Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

TENNESSEE

MOUNTAIN HOME
FOR SALE—in East Tennessee
Home of retired physician, 80 acres, covering mountain top overlooking town and river; 1,500 feet above sea level. Ideal climate all the year round. Well planted to fruit and flowers; 2 barns, hennery, gardens and farm land. Good mountain road available for small cars. Comfortable house with large living-room, big fireplace, hot-water heat, telephone, electric lights, electric pump, modern plumbing. Wood on place. Address JOHN A. ROCKWELL, Box 222, Harriman, Tenn.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WOMAN of executive ability as bookkeeper and secretary at School of Horticulture for Women, Ambler, Pa. Work not wholly clerical. Apply to the school.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Competent woman to take entire charge of three-year-old child. Exceptional surroundings. Every facility and kindly consideration. Permanent position, good pay. References exchanged. Address Geo. F. Adams, Hotel Chamberlin, Fort Monroe, Va.

WANTED—Matron for children's home. Nursing experience preferred. Unusual opportunity. 6,145, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined young woman with some experience as mother's helper. Good references required. Mrs. A. Gregory, 235 Girard Ave., Hartford, Conn

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR wanted for sixteen year old boy. Must be thoroughly familiar with the psychology of that age; able to interest boy in outdoor life and exercises. Will probably travel during winter. Man under thirty desired. Salary $2,500 and expenses. Personal interview required. 6,136, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman to teach little girl in sixth grade. Competent to teach English branches, French, and piano. 6,142, Outlook.

ENGLISHWOMAN wanted for young girl in New York. English, elocution, and French desired. Hours two until six, beginning September. State qualifications. 6,166, Outlook.

TEACHERS desiring school or college positions apply International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

CULTURED young woman as social secretary or companion. Will travel. Reference. 6,062, Outlook.

SECRETARIAL position by young woman. TEN years' experience in city Y. W. C. A. STENOGRAPHIC knowledge. 6,161, Outlook.

POSITION, fruit raising or ranch, by clergyman, age 36, with capable wife, no children. 6,163, Outlook.

GENTLEMAN wishes position secretary *with gentleman owning large country estate* and fond of outdoor sports. Good correspondent, accurate with figures, expert with rod and gun, good golfer. Competent to manage estate if desired. Only large proposition considered. Highest testimonials. 6,158, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY desires position as superintendent matron of institution, preferably children's private home. Experienced, refined, best recommendations. At liberty September 1. 6,109, Outlook.

COMPANION, care of invalid, mother's helper. Hospital experience. Middle-aged. 6,167, Outlook.

GOVERNESS-housekeeper. Lady wishes to recommend highly her competent and experienced governess. 6,164, Outlook.

POSITION as housemother or matron without domestic management in college hall, dormitory, or fraternity house. 6,160, Outlook.

NURSE, graduate, as companion, or care semi-invalid. Country. References. 6,169, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG woman desires position as governess. 6,165, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by *Lyman Abbott*, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

BUSINESS woman, living within easy commuting distance of New York City, would like to find one or two congenial business women to share her home. 6,156, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined woman of limited means who would like to reduce her living expenses by sharing light household duties in small family of adults. Pleasant, modern home in country near New York. 6,157, Outlook.

MOTHER will care for and educate in her attractive home near Boston some motherless little girl. Best family and social influence. French conversation daily. Music. 6,159, Outlook.

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BY THE WAY

A daily newspaper says that Mary Pickford is believed to receive an income of $700,000 a year at present, but that as a result of competition between companies that desire her services she will soon get a million a year. This unheard-of prosperity for a movie star gives point to a remark heard recently in an up-State village store. The storekeeper was asked what magazines sold best over his counter. "The photoplay magazines," he answered, unhesitatingly. "You see, the young fellows have mostly gone to the war, and the girls in the village all think they ought to be movie stars, so they buy the movie magazines to find out how they can become Mary Pickfords."

The New York "Times" announces that it may be obtained by airplane post in Washington, D. C., on the day of publication, at the price of $1.70 a copy. The chief use of the paper at this cost would no doubt be as a curiosity for preservation.

"Hab yo' any medicine dat will purify de blood?" a coal-black Negro inquired of a druggist, as reported in a medical journal. "Yes," answered the druggist. "We keep sarsaparilla, at one dollar a bottle. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion." "Well, boss, hasn't yo' sumfin fo' about fifty cents, jes' fo' de blood? I don't keer about de complexion."

The loganberry, according to "Good Health," was discovered by Judge J. H. Logan, of California, about 1881, and is supposed to have been originally a chance hybrid between a wild blackberry and a red raspberry. "It is long and fat," says "Good Health," "and has more substance and juice than any other berry." It is grown on a commercial scale in California, Washington, and Oregon, but it does not seem to be adapted to the climate of the East and is seen there only in a somewhat expensive form as preserved in cans or jars.

A manual for newspaper reporters contains these phrases on its Index Expurgatorius:

Dusky damsel, grim reaper, bolt from a clear sky, facile pen, cheered to the echo, daring robber, whipped out a gun, busy marts of trade, high dudgeon, rash act, totally destroyed, war to the knife, to the bitter end, tiny tots, checkered career, foeman worthy of his steel, dull, sickening thud.

It adds, in allusion to the reporter's desire to avoid repetition: "It is better to use the word *fire* many times in a paragraph than to use the word *conflagration* once."

A Negro recruit, as recorded in "Trench and Camp," was listening to a talk by an officer about his prospective duties. "When you get to France—," the officer said. The Negro interrupted: "Say, boss, ain't we in France now? I'se rode two days from home already."

"Is the carrier pigeon a descendant of the passenger pigeon?" a subscriber asks. The passenger pigeon of America, it may be said in answer, has become extinct. It was of a different breed from the homing or carrier pigeon, which is an Old World pigeon and has been used in the Orient for many centuries for conveying messages.

The last surviving passenger pigeon, it may be worth while to note, is said to have died in captivity in 1914 in the Zoölogical Gardens in Cincinnati. The fate of the passenger pigeons, like that of the buffaloes, furnishes a lesson as to the direful effects of unrestrained slaughter of game. These pigeons in early days were so numerous that flocks a mile wide and 150 miles long have been reported by responsible observers. In the later years of the nineteenth century, however, even these incredible numbers succumbed to the reckless attacks of the pot hunter, and thus a valuable source of food supply has been lost.

The Carter Junior Republic, of Easton, Pennsylvania, is, according to the Easton "Express," represented in our armies by about fifty of its former members. One of these, a young sergeant, was, it is stated, presented by President Poincaré with his own wrist watch as a token of appreciation for his heroism in bringing four wounded men from the battle-line while under heavy fire. This lad also, it is said, had the honor of carrying Captain Roosevelt from the field when he was wounded.

A church organization of a "peculiar" sect in Brooklyn, New York, has started a co-operative market. The sign on its store window reads as follows:

THE GLORIOUS HIGHWAY MARKET COMPANY
"THE SUPREME SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS" &
"THE ALMIGHTY CHURCH"
"UNITED BUILDERS & MISSIONARIES" MARKET

Another sign in the same neighborhood in Brooklyn illustrates the difficulties that foreigners encounter in learning to write English. It reads:

TO PLEASE THE PEOPLE
WHO GIVES US A TRIAL

An American soldier's letter from France contains this interesting comment: "I consider our soldiers as good fighters as they come, and if we can hold Fritz until fall do not see how he can win out. If the war goes another year, I certainly expect to see some great doings. . . . My boy Paul is going on five, Marguerite is two years old to-day; Anita I have never seen: won't I be glad when this war is over!"

A gentle hint has rarely been conveyed in a more diplomatic manner than by the hero of this yarn, who is called by "Cassell's Saturday Journal" an "unable seaman:" "When I come to the surgeon," the sailorman began, "'e says to me, 'I'm blooming sorry, mate, I don't know what I was thinking about,' he says, 'but there's a sponge missin', and I believe it's inside yer.' 'What's the odds?' I says; 'let it be.' And there it is to this day. No, I don't feel no particular pain from it, but I do get most uncommonly thirsty."

A ballad dedicated to the ambulance corps and entitled "Another Hunk o' Tin" is printed in the "Æsculapian Bulletin." Part of it is as follows:

"You may talk of shifting gear
When you're riding far from here
An' you're sent to pick up wounded and then beat it;
But when it comes to pluggin'
You can keep right on a-chuggin'
'Cause FEET works and your hands is free to steer it
Where the roads ain't half the time
A-servin' o' their purpose.—Yes, it's grime!
But of all the amb'lance crew
The surest one I knew
Was our crashin', slammin', bashed-in HUNK O' TIN.
It was Din! Din! Din!
You five and ten cent mouse-trap 'UNK O' TIN!
. . . . . .
Though I've damned and cussed and prayed yer,
By the 'Enry Ford as made yer,
I takes my 'at off to yer!—'UNK O' TIN."

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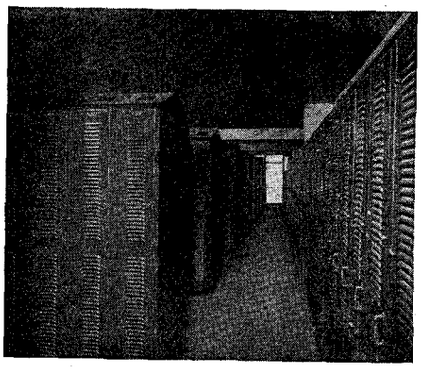

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Your Wants

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

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